

GREENES ARCADIA,

O R
MENAPHON : C A-

MILLAB^S Alarum to slumber E V-
PHVES in his Melancholy Cell at
SILEXEDRA.

Wherein are descyphered, the variable effects of
FORTVNE, the wonders of LOVE, the
triumphs of inconstant TIME.

A worke, worthy the yongest eares for pleasure,
O R,
The grauest consyres for principles.

By ROBERTVS GREENE, in Artibus Magister.

Omne tulit punctum.



L O N D O N

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TO THE GENTLEMEN STUDENTS OF BOTH UNIVERSITIES.

Chreous, and wise, whose iudgements (not entangled with envy) enlarge the deserts of the learned, by your liberall censures: vouchsafe to welcome your Scholler-like Shepherd, with such Vnijuersticke entertainment, as either the nature of your bounty, or the custome of your common ciuility may affoord. To you he appelles that knew him ab extrema pueritia, whose places hee accounts the plaudits of his paines: thinking his day-labour was not altogether lauisht sine linea, if there be any thinge al iniurie, that doth alere *Atticum* in your estimate. I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age is grown of late, so that every Mechanicall mate abhorreth the English he was borneto, and plucks with a solemne periphrasis, his *ut vales* from the inke-horne; which I impute, not so much to the perfecion of Arts, as to the sexuale imitation of vaine-glorious Tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excell in action, as to embowell the cloudes in a speech of comparison, thinking themselves more then initiated in Poets immortallity, if they but once get *Boreas* by the beard, and the heavenly *Bull* by the deaw-lap. But herein I can noto so fully beq[ue]ath them to folly, as their ideot Art-masters, that intendo eternitudo so our carees, as the Alcumists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogancy) thinke to out-brave-beate *Pees*, with the swelling bum-bast of bragging blabke verse. Indede it may bee, their "grafted over-flow of smoakid hempe cobbe, that ouer-cloyoth

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their imagination with a more then drunken resolution, being not extemporal in the invention of any other meanes to vent their man-hood, commits the digestion of their cholericke incumbrances, to the spacious volubilitie of a drumming decsillabon. Mongst this kinde of men, that repose eternitie in the mouth of a Player, I can but ingrosse some deep-read Schoolemen or Grammarians, who hauing no more learning in their skull, then will serue to take vp a commoditie, nor Art in their braine, then was nourished in a Seruynge-mans idlenesse, will take vpon them to bee the ironicall Censors of all, when God and Poetrie doth know they are the simplest of all. To leau all these to the mercy of their Mother tongue, that feed on noughe but the crums that fall from the eranfators trenched, I come (sweet friend) to thy *Arcadian Menaphon*, whose attyre (though not so stately, yet comely) doth intitle thee aboue all other, to that *temperatum dicendi genus*, which *Tully* in his *Orator* termeth true eloquence. Let other men (as they please) praise the Mountayne that in seuen yeeres bringeth forth a Mouse, or the Italianate Pen, that of a packet of pilfries, affords the Presse a pamphlet or two in an Age, and then in disguised array vaunts *Onids* and *Plutarchos* plumes as their owne: but give mee the man, whose extemporal veine in any humour, will excell our greatest Art-Masters deliberate thoughts, whose inventions quicker then his eye, will challenge the prowdest Rhetorician, to the contention of like perfection, with like expedition.

What is he among Students so simple, that cannot bring foorth (*tanquam aliquando*) some or other thing singular, sleeping betwixt every sentence? What is not *Marcus* twelue yeeres toyle, that so famed his twelue *Eneidos*? Or *Peter Ramus* sixteene yeeres paines, that so praised his petty Logicke? How is it then, our drowsing wits should so wonder at an exquisite line, that was his Masters day-labour? Indeede I must needs say, the descending yeeres from the Philosophers *Athens*, haue not beeene supplied with such present Orators, as were able in any English veine to be eloquent

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quent of their owne, but either they must borrow inuention of Ariosto, & his countrimen, take vp choice of words by ex-change in *Tullus Tusculanus*, & the Latine Historiographers store-houses, similitudes, nay whole sheets, & tractates ver-batim, from the plentie of Plinarch and Plinie: and to con-clude, their whole methode of writing, from the libertie of Comicall fictions, that haue succeeded so our Rhetoricians by a second imitation; so that wel may the Adage, *Nil dictum quod non dictum prius*, bee the most iudicall estimate of our latter Writers. But the hunger of our vnsatiate humorists, being such as it is, ready to swallow all draffe without diffe-rence, that insinuates it selfe to their senses vnder the name of delights, imploies oftentimes many thredbare wits, to emp-tie their inuention of their Apish deuices, and talke most su-perficially of Policie, as those that neuer ware gowne in the Vniuersitie; wherein they reuiue the old said Adage, *Sua Mineruam*, and cause the wiser to quippe them with ~~assimus ad Iyram~~. Would Gentlemen and riper judgements ad-mit my motion of moderation in a matter of folly, I would perswade them to phyfickle their faculties of seeing and hear-ing, as the Sabarians doe their dulled senses with smeling: who(as Strabo reporteth) ouer-cloyd with such odoriferous sauours as the naturall increase of their Country(Balsamum, Anomum, with Myrrhe and Frankincense) sends forth, re-fresh their nostrills with the vnsauourie lent of the pitchy flame, that *Emphrates* cast vp, & the corragious sumes of goats beards burned: so would I haue them, being surfeited vna-wares with the sweet saciety of eloquence, which the lauish of our copious language may procure, to vse the remedie of contraries, and recreate their rebated wits; not as they did, with the setting of slime or Goats beards burned, but with the ouer-seeing of that *sublime discord genus*, whiche walkes abroad for waste paper in each Seruving-mans pocket, and the otherwhile perving of our Gothamists barbarisme; so should the opposite comparison of *Parisie*, expell the infec-tion of *Absurdie*, and their ouer-racked Rhetoricke, bee the Ironicall recreation of the Reader.

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But so falleſt discrepant is the idle vſage of our vñexperi-
enced and illiterate Pūbles from this preſcription, that a
tale of *Idiot of Bratfords will*, and the vnlucky Prunenty,
will be as ſooner entertyned into their Libraries; as the beſt
Poemethat euer *Tasso* eterniz'd: which being the effect of
an vñdiſcerning iudgement, makes drafte as valuable as gold,
and loſſe as wel-come as gaine; the Glow-worme mentio-
ned in *Aſops Fables*, natiuely, the Apes folly, to be miſtaken
for fire, When as God wot, poore ſoules, they haue noughe
but their toyle for their heate, their paines for their ſweat,
and (co bring it to our English Prouerbe) their labour for
their trauell. Whereto I can but reſemblē item to the Pan-
ther, who is lo greedy of mens excrements, that if they bee
hanged vp in a vefſell higher then his reach, hee ſooner killſ
himſelfe with the ouer-stretching of his windiffe body,
then hee will ceaſe from his intended enterpriſe. Of haue I
obſerved what I now ſet downe: a ſecular wi that hath li-
tten all dayes of his life by, what doe you lacke? to be more
judiciall in matters of conceit, then our quadrant eti-pun-
dious, that ſpit ~~et ſo~~ in the mouth of every one they meeete:
yet thofc and theſe are affectionate to dogged detrac-
ting, as the moſt hoyſonous *Pafquils*, any duryſ-mouthed *Mur-
ſin*, or *Mouſin* euer compoſed, is gathered vp with greedi-
neſſe, before it fall to the ground, and bought at the deareſt,
thoſg they ſmell of the Priplers faulſeder, haleſ a yere af-
ter nor I know no how the minde of the meaſter is fed
with this folly, that they impute ſingulartie, to him that
hauders priuily, and count it a great piece of Art in an ike-
Rorne man, in thy Pap Reſty certes Whatſoever, to expoſe
his ſuperioritie to enuy. I will not deny, but in Scholler-like
matters of contouertie, a quicker ſtyle may paſſe as com-
mendable, and that a quip to an Aſſe is as good as a goad
to an Ox: but when the irregular Tutor, that was vp to the
eates in Dignitie, before euer hee met with probability in the
Vnuerſitie, ſhall leaue pro & contra, before hee can ſcarcely
pronounce it, and come to correfe common Weales, that
neuer heard of the name of Magistrate, before hee came to

Cambridge, it is no maruail if euery Ale-house vauant the
table of the world turned vsipde downe, shad the Child be-
teth his Father, and the Alle whippeth his Master. But lest
I might seeme with these night-sowres, *Nimicentia sua in
lietare republica*, I will turne backe to my first Text of Studies
of delight, and talke a little in friendship with a few of our
triuall Translators. It is a common practice now adyeys
amongst a sort of shuking Companions, that runn through
euery Art, and thrue by none, to leue the trade of *Voca-
runt*, whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with
the indeuors of Art, that could scarcely bastize their neck-
verse, if they should haue neede: yet *English Seneca* read
by Candle-light, yeelds many good sentences, as *Blondus a
begger*, and so forth: and if you intreate him faire in a fro-
thy morning, hee will afford you wholt Hamlets, I shoulde
say, handfulls of Tragical speeches. But, O grieve! *Temptu-
rexx rerum*, whats that will last alwayes? The Sea exhal'd
by drops, will in continuall bee drie: and *Seneca* her
bloud line by line, and page by page, at length must needs
die to our stage; which makes his famished followers to i-
mitate the Kid in *Aesope*, who enamoured with the Boxes
new-fangles, forsooke all hopes of life to leape into a new
occupation: and these men renouncing all possibilities of
credite or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian Transla-
tions: Wherein, how poorely they haue plodded, (as those
that are neither Poverzal-men, nor are able to distinguishe
of Articles) let all indifferent Gentlemen that haue travell'd
in that tongue, discerne by thei two-penny Pamphlet. And no maruail though their home-borne medloctrie bee
such in this matter; for what can bee hoped of those, that
thrust *Elysium* into hel, and haue not learned so long as they
haue liued in the Spheares, the last measure of the Horizon
without an hexameter? Sufficeth them to boote vp a blanke
verse with *is* and *and*, and otherwhile for recreation after
their Candle-Russe, hauing starched their beards molt curi-
ously, to make a Peripateticall path into the intier parts of
the Cittie, and spend two or three houres in turning ouer

French

G.
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French *Demandis*, where they attract more infection in one minute; then they can do eloquence all daies of their life, by conuerting with any Authors of like argument. But lest in this declamatorie vein, I should condemne all, and commending none; I will propound to your learned imitation, those men of impore, that haue laboured with credite in this laudable kinde of Translation. In the forefront of whom, I can not but place that aged Father *Erasmus*, that inuested most of our Greek writers in the robes of the ancient Romanes, in whose trages *Philip Melanchthon*, *Sadot*, *Plantine*, and many other severend Germanes insiting, haue reedified the ruines of our decayed Libraries, and maruellously enriched the Latine tongue with the expence of their toyle. Not long after, their emulation being transported into England, eury private Schoeler, *William Turner*, and who not, began to vaunt their smattering of Latine, in English impressions. But amongst others in that age, Sir *Thomas Eliot* elegante did sever it selfe from al equals, although Sir *Thomas Moore* with his comical wit, at that instant was not altogether idle: yet was not knowledge fully confirmed in her Monarchy amongst vs, till that most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, Saint *John* in *Cambridge*, that at that time was as an Vniuersity within it selfe, shining so farre aboue all other Houses, Halls, and Hospitalles whatsoeuer, that no Colledge in the Towre, was able to compare with the Tithe of her Students, hauing (as I haue heard graue men of credit report) moe Candles light in it, every Winter morning before fourre of the clock, then the fourre of the clock Bell gaueth strokes: till she (I say) as a pitoying Mother, put to her helping hand, and sent from her fruitfull wombe, sufficient Schoelers, both to support her owne Weale, as also to supply all other infernous foundations defects, and nimely, that royall erection of *Trinitie Colledge*, which the Vniuersitie Orator in an Epistle to the Duke of Somerset, aptly termed *Celosia deducta*, from the Suburbs of Saint *John*. In which extraordinary conception, *Vno partu si rem publicam prodire*, the Exchequer of eloquence, Sir *John Cheeke*, a man of men, supernaturally

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erally traded in all tonges, Sir John Mason, Doctor Watson, Redman, Ascam, Grindal, Leuer, Pilkingtone all which haue eyther by their priuate readings, or publicke workes, refuted the errors of Arte, expelled from their purifie, and set before our eyes a more perfect methode of studie.

But how ill their precepts haue prospered with our idle age, that leauethe fountaines of Sciences, to follow the Rivers of Knowledge, their ouer-slaught Studies, with trifling compendiaries, may testifie: for I know not how it commeth to passe, by the doting practice of our Diuinitie Dunges, that striue to make their Pupils pulpit-men, before they are reconciled to *Priscian*: but those yeeres which should be employed in *Aristotle*, are expited in Epitomies, and well too, they may haue so much Catechisme vacation, to take vp a little refuse Philosophy.

And heere I could enter into a large fielde of inuestigacie against our abiect abbreviations of Artes, were it not growne to a new fashion among our Nation, to vaunt the pride of contraction in every manuarie action: insomuch, that the *Pater-noster*, which was wont to fill a sheet of Paper, is written in the compassie of a penny: whereupon one merrily assumed that Prouerbe to be derived, *No penny, no pater-noster*. Which their nice curtylling putteth mee in minde of the custome of the Scythians, who if they had beeene at any time distressed with famine, tooke in their girdles shorter, and swaddled themselves straighter, to the intent, no *vacuum* being left in their intrailes, hunger should not so much tyrannize ouer their stomaches; even so these men oppressed with a greater penurie of Arte, doe pound their capacitie in barren Compendiums, and bound their base humours in the beggerly straights of a hungry *Analysis*, left longing after that *infusum*, which the pouertie of their conceit cannot compasse, they sooner yeeld vp their youth to destinie, then their heart to vnderstanding.

How is it then such bungling practitioners in principles, should euer profit the Common-wealthe by their negligent paines, who haue no more cunning in Logicke or Dialogue

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Latine, then appertaines to the literall construction of eyther: neuerthelesse, it is daily apparent to our domesticall eyes, that there is none so forward to publish their imperfekteions, either in their trade of glōse or translations, as those that are more vnlearned then ignorant, and less conceiving than Infants. Yet dare I not impute absurditie to all of that societie, al- though some of them haue set their names to their simplicitie. Who euer my priuate opinion condemneth as faultie, Master *Gascoigne* is not to bee abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beate the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired to since his departure, whereto hee did ascend, by comparing the Italian with the English, as *Tully* did *Grecia cum Latinis*. Neither was M. *Turberne* the worst of his time, thongh in translating hee attributed too much to the necessarie of the time. And in this page of praise, I cannot omit aged *Arthur Golding*, for his industrious toyle in Eng- lishing *Ovids Metamorphosis*, besides many other exquisite edi- tions of diuinitie, turned by him out of the French tongue into our owne. M. *Phaer* likewise is not to be forgot, in regard of his famous *Virgil*, whose heauenly verse, had it not beeene blemished by his hautie thoughts, England might haue long insulted his wit, and *corrigat qui potest* haue beeene subscribed to his workes. But Fortune, the Mistris of change, with a pit- tyng compassion, respecting Master *Stanburys* prayse, would that *Phaer* shoulde fall, that hee might ryse, whose he- roicall poetry infired, I should say inspired with an hexameter furie, recalled to life, what euer hasted Barbarisme hath been buried this hundred yeere: and reuived by his ragged quill such cartterly varietie, as no Hodge ploughman in a Country but would haue held as the extremitie of clownerie: a pat- teme whereof I will propound to your iudgements, as necre as I can, being part of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus.

Then did he make heauens vault to rebound,

with rounce robble bobble,

Of ruffe raffer roaring,

with twicke thwack thwarris bouncing.

Which

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Which strange language of the firmament, never subject before to our common phrase, make vs that are not vsed to terminate heauens mouing in the accents of any voice, esteeme of their triobulare Interpreter, as of some Thrasonicall huffe sauste: for so terrible was his stile to all milde eares, as would haue affrighted our peaceable Poets from intermedling hereafter, with that quarrelling kinde of verse, had not sweet Master *France*, by his excellent translation of Master *Thomas Watsons* sugred *Amintas*, animated their dulled spirits, to such high-witted indeuours. But I know not how, their ouer-timerous cowardise hath stooode in awe of envie, that no man since him durst imitate any of the worlē of those Romane wonders in English: which makes me thinke, that either the louers of mediocrity are very many, or that the number of good Poēts are very small, and in truth, (Master *Watson* except, whom I mentioned before) I know not almost any of late dayes, that hath shewed hymselfe singular in any speciaall Latine Poēme: whose *Amintas*, and translated *Antigone*, may march in equipage of honour, with any of your ancient Poēts: I will not say but we had a *Haddon*, whose pen vwould haue challenged the Lawrell from *Homer*, together with *Car* that came as neere him as *Virgil* to *Theocritus*. But *Thomas Newton* with his *Leland*, and *Gabriel Harvey*, with two or three other, is almost all the store that is left vs at this houre. Epitaphers, and position Poēts, wee haue more then a good many, that swarme like Crowes to a dead carcasse, but flie like Swallowes in the Winter, from any continuatē subiect of wit.

The efficient whereof, I imagine to issue from the vpstart discipline of our reformatōrie Churchmen, who account wit vanitie, and Poetry impietie: whose errour, although the necessarie of Philosophie might confute, which lies couched most closely vnder darke fables profunditie, yet I had rather referre it as a disputative plea by Diuines, then set it downe as a determinate position in my vnexperienced opinion. But how euer their dissentious iudgements should decree in their after-noone sessions of *an fit*, the priuate truth of my discou-

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red Creede in this controuersie is this, that as that beast was thought scarce worthy to be sacrificed to the Egyptian *Egyptian Epaphus*, who had not some or other blacke spot on his skin: so I deeme him farre vnworthy the name of a scholler, and so consequently to sacrifice his endeouours to Art, that is not a Poet, either in whole or in part.

And heere peraduenture, some desperate quipper vwill canuaze my purposed comparisen *Plus ultra*, reconciling the allusion of the blacke spot, to the blacke pot, which makeith our Poets vndermeale Muses too mutinous, as euery stanzo they pen after dinner, is full pointed with a slabbe. Which their dagger drunkennesse, although it might bee excused with tam *Marti, quam Mercurio*, yet will I couer it as well as I may with that prouerbiall *facundi calices*, that might well have beeene doore-keeper to the kanne of *Silenus*, when nodding on his Ass trapped vwith Iuie, hee made his moist nose-cloth the pausing *intermedium* twixt euery nappe. Let frugall schollers, and fine-fingered nouices, take their drinke by the ounce, and their wine by the halfe-penny worths: but it is for a Poet to examine the porke pots, and gage the botome of whole gallons, *qui bene vult poicin, debet ante pinein*. A pot of blew burning ale, with a fiery flaming toste, is as good as *Pallas* with the nine Muses on *Pernassus* tops: without the which, in vaine they may cry, O thou my Muse, inspire mee with some pen, when they want certaine liquid sacrifice to rouze her forth her denne.

Pardon mee (Gentlemen) though somewhat merrily I glance at their immoderate folly, who affirme, that no man writes with conceit, except hee take counsell of the cup: nor would I haue you thinkke, that *Theonino dente*, I arme my stile against all, since I doe know the moderation of many Gentlemen of that studie, to bee so farre from infamie, as their verse from equalitie: whose sufficiencie, were it as well seene into, by those of higher place, as it wanders abroad vntwarded in the mouthes of vngratefull monsters, no doubt but the remembrance of *Mecenas* liberalitie extended to *Maro*, and men of like qualitie, would haue left no memory to that prouerbe

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prouerbe of pouertie, *Si nibil ampleris, ibi Homere foras*. Tush, say our English Italians, the finest wits our climate sends forth, are but drie-brainede dolts in comparison of other countrees: whom if you interrupt with *reddes nationem*, they will tell you of *Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano*, with an infinite number of others, to whom if I should oppose *Chaucer, Lydgate, Gower*, with such like, that liued under the tyrannie of ignorance, I doe thinke their best louers would bee much discontented with the collation of contrastes, if I should write ouer all their heads, Haile fellow, well mer. One thing I am sure of, that each of these three haue vented their meeters with as much admiration in English, as euer the proudest *Ariosto* did his verse in Italian.

What shalld I come to our Court, where the other-while vacations of our grauer Nobilitie are prodigall of more pompos wit, and choice of words, then euer tragicke *Tasso* could attaine to? But as for pastorall poems, I will not make the comparison, lest our countrimens credite should be discountenanced by the contention: who, although they cannot fare with such inferiour facilitie, yet I know, would carry the bucklers full easily from all forraine brauers; if their *subiectum circa quod*, should sauour of any thing bautie. And should the challenge of deepe conceit be intruded by any forrainer, to bring our English wits to the touchstone of Art, I would preferre diuine Master *Spencer*, the miracle of wit, to bandie line by line for my life, in the honour of England, against Spaine, France, Italy, and all the world. Neither is hee the onely swallow of our Summer, (although *Apollo*, if his *Tripos* were vp againe, would pronounce him his *Socrates*,) but hee being forborne, there are extant about London, many most able men, to reviue Poetry, though it were executed ten thousand times, as in *Platoes*, so in Puritans Common-wealth: as namely for example, *Mathew Roydon, Thomas Achlow, and George Peele*: the first of whom, as he hath shewed himselfe singulat in the immortall Epitaph of his beloued *Astrophell*, besides many other most absolute Comike iauentions (made more publike by euery mans

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praise, then they can bee by my speech,) so the second hath more then once or twice manifested his deepe-witted schollership in places of credite: and for the last, though not the least of them all, I dare commend him vnto all that know him, as the chiefe supporter of pleasance now living, the *Atlas of Poetrie*, and *primus verborum Artifex*: whose first increase, the arraignement of *Paris* might please to your opinions, his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold varietie of inuention, wherein (*mea iudicis*) hee goeth a step beyond all that write. Sundry other sweete Gentlemen I doe know, that wee haue vaunted their pens in priuate deuices, and tricked vp a company of taffaties fooles with their feathers, whose beautie, if our Poets had not pecked with the supply of their periwigs, they might haue antickt it vntill this time, vp and downe the Countrey with the King of Faires, and dined every day at the pease-porridge ordinary with *Delfrigus*.

But *Tolasso* hath forgotten that it was sometime sacked, and beggers, that euer they carried their fardels on footback: and in truth no manuile, when as the deserued reputation of one *Rosciss*, is of force to enrich a rabble of counterfeits: Yet let subjects for all their insolence, dedicate a *De propundis* euery morning to the preseruation of their *Cesar*, lest their increasing indignities returne them ere long their juggling to mediocritie, and they bewaile in weeping blankes, the wane of their Megarchie.

As Poetrie hath beene honoured in those her fore-named professors, so it hath not beene any whit dispraised by *Williams Warner's* absolute *Albions*. And heere Auhtoritie hath made a full point: in whose reverenc infilsting, I cease to expose to your sport the picture of those Pamphleters, and Poets, that make a patrimonie of *In speech*, and more then a younger broters inheritance of their *Abscio*. Reade fauourably, to incourage me in the firstlings of my folly, and perswade your selues, I will persecute those Idiots and their heires vnto the third generation, that haue made Art banke-roote of her ornaments, and sent Poetry a begging vp and downe

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downe the Countrey. It may be , my *Anatomicie of Absurdities* may acquaint you ere long with my skill in Surgerie, wherein the diseases of Arte more merrily discouered, may make our maimed Poets put together their blankes vnto the building of an Hospitall.

If you chance to meet it in *Paules*, shaped in a new sute of similitudes, as if like the eloquent Apprentice of *Plutarch*, it wgre propped at seuen yeeres end in double apparell , thinke his Master hath fulfilled covenants , and onely cancelled the Indentures of dutie. If I please , I will thinke my ignorance indebted vnto you that applaud it : if not , what rests ,
but that I be excluded from your courses,
like *Apocrypha* from your
Bibles?

How euer , yours euer :

Thomas Nash.

notisq; V viiiij

Elicious words, the life of wanton wit,
D*That doth inspire our soules with sweet content,*
Why hath your Father Hemes thought it fit,
Mine eyes should surfe by my hearts consent ?
Ful twentie Summers have I fading scene,
And twentie Floras in their golden guise :
Yet never viewde I such a pleasant Greene,
As this whose garnisht gleades comparde, denise.
Of all the flowers a Lilly once I lou'd,
Whose labouring beautie brancht it selfe abroad.
But now olde age his glory hath remou'd,
And greener obiects are mine eyes abroad.
No Countrey to the downes of Arcadie,
Where Aganippes enuer springing wels
Doe moist the meades with bubbling melodye,
And makes me muse what more in Delos dwells.
There feeds our Menaphons celestiall Muse,
There makes his Pipe his paſtorall report :
Which strained now a note abone his vſe,
Fore-tels hee le ne're come chaunt of Thoaces ſport.
Reade all that lift, and read till you miſlike,
To condemne who can, ſo Ennie be not Judge :
No, reade who can, ſwell more higher, leſt it ſtreke.
Robin, thou haſt done well, care not who grudge.

Henry Vpcher.



The reports of the Shepheards.



After that the wrath of mighty Ioue had wrapt
Arcadia with noysome pestilence, insomuch
that the ayre yielding prejudiciale fawour, ser-
med to be peremptory in some fatal resolution,
Democles Soueraigne & King of that famous
Continent, pistyng the sicker accidents of
his people, being a man as full in his censures, as royall in
his possessions, as carefull for the weale of his Countrey, as
the countenance of his Diademe, thinking that vnpopuled
Cities were corrosives in Princes consciences, that the
strength of his subjects was the sinewes of his Dominions,
and that every Crowne must containe a care, not onely to
win honoure by fayraine conquests, but in maintaining dig-
nitie with ciuill and domesticall insights. Democles ground-
ing his argument upon these premisses, couetting to be coun-
ted *Pater patriæ*, calling a Parliament together, whither all
his Nobilitie incited by summons made their repaire, elec-
ted two of his chiefe Lords to passe unto Delphos, at Apollos
Oracle, to heare the fatall sentence, eyther of their future mi-
lery, or present remedie. They handing their charge, possest
from Arcadia to the Tripos, where Pithia late, the sacred
Nymph that delivred out Apollos *Dylonimas*, offering (as
their manner is) their Olysons and presents, as well to in-
treat by devotion, as to perswade by bountie, they had return-
ed from Apollo this forme.

When *Neptune* riding on the Southerne Seas,
Shall from the boosome of his Lemman yeeld,
The Arcadian wonder, men and Gods to please:
Plentie in pride shall march amidst the field.
Dead men shall warre, and vnborne babes shall frown,
And with their fawchons hew their foemen downe:
When Lambes haue Lyons for their surest guide,
And Plannets rest vpon th' Arcadian hills:

Grecian Arcadia.

When swelling Seas haue neyther ebbe nor tide,
When equall bankes the Ocean margin flls:
Then looke Arcadians for a happy tyme,
And sweet content within your troubled clime.

No sooner had Pithia delitered this scroll to the Lords of Arcadia, but they departed and brought it to Democles, who causing the Oracle to bee read amongst the distressed commons, found the Delphian censure more full of doubts to amaze, then fraught with hope to comfort: thinking rather that the auger of C D D sent a peremptory presage of ruine, then a probable ambiguity to appynt any hope of remedie: yet loth to haue his carefull subjects fall into the halefull Labyrinth of despaire, Democles begaine to discourse vnto them, that the interpreters of Apollos secrets were not the conceits of humane reason, but the successe of long expected events, that Comets did portend at the first blaze, but tooke effect in the dated boosome of the destinies: that Oracles were foretold at the Delphian caue, but were shapte out and finisched in the Counsell houses. With such perswassing arguments Democles appeased the distressed thoughts of his doubtfull Countrey-men, and commanded by Proclamation, that no man should pry into the quiddities of Apollos answers, lest sundry censures of his diuine secrecy should trouble Accadia with some sudden mutinie. The King thus smoothing the heate of his cares, rested a melancholy man in his Court: hidynge vnder his head the double-faced figure of Ianus, as well to cheare the hiktes of other mens conceits with smiles, as to furnish out his owne dumps with thoughts. But as other beastes leuell their looks at the countenance of the Lyon, and birds make wings as the Eagles flye: so Regis ad arbitrium tuus compunctionis orbis: the people wers measured by the minds of their Soueraigne: and what somes soone they smothered in priuate conceits, yet they made hay, and cryed holiday in outward appearance: insomuch that every man repayred to his owne home, and sell ayther vnto pleasures or labours,

Greenes Arcadia.

labours, as their living or content allowed them.

Whiles thus Arcadia rested in a silent quiet, Menaphon the Deane, her heart, a man of high account among the Youthes of Arcadia, loued of the Nymphes, as the paragon of all their country youngsters, walking solitary downe to the shore, to see if any of his Cles and Lambes were straggled downe to the strand to brouze on the sea-joy, wherof they take speciall delight to feede; hee found his flockes gazing by the Iamontoy Mountaines hardy; whereon resting himselfe on a hill that ouer-peered the great Mediterranean, noting how Phoebus fetch'd his *Lanthes* on the purple plaines of Neptunus, as if hee had meant to haue courted Theseus in the royaltie of his robes: the Dolphynnes (the sweete countesses of Neptune) stcht their carreys on the calmed waues, as if Aion had touched the strings of his siluer-sounding instrument: the Mermaides thrust-
ing their heads from the bosome of Amphitrite, late on the mounting bankes of Neptune, droying their matry tresses in the sunne-beams: a swa for boyes: so that we abrade his galls on the flumbring haunes of the sea-god, as giving Triton leave to pleasure his Queene with belied melodie, and Procerus libertie to followe his flockes without disquiet: And didnt Arcadia profit by a plentie of neare

Menaphon looking ouer the champion of Arcady, to see if the continent was as full of smiles, as the seas were of fauours, saw the thubbess as in a dreame with delightfull harmonie, and the birds that chaunted on their branches, not disturbed with the least breath of a fauourable Zephirus: Seeing thus the accord of the land and sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water-Nymphes, hee beganne to consider, how Venus wasaignd by the Poets to spring of the flesh of the Deine: which draw him straight into a deepe conjecture of the inconstancie of love, that as if Luna were his lead-starre, had every minuts ebbes and tydes, sometime ouer-flowing the bankes of Fortune with a gracious looks lightened from the eyes of a fauourable louer, otherwhiles ebbing to the dangerous shels of despaires, with the pier-

Greenes Arcadia.

ring frowne of a froward Mistresse. Menaphon in this browne Studie, calling to minde certayne Aphoeisimes that Auareeon had pena dolone as principles of loues follies, bel-
ing as deepe an enimie to fancies, as Naturall was to artific-
on, beganne thus to scotte at Venus Destie.

Menaphon, thy mindes fauours are greater than thy wealths fortunes, thy thoughts higher than thy birth, and thy private conceit better then thy publique esteem. Thou art a Shepheard, Menaphon, who in seeling of thy Woakes findest out natures secrete, and in preventing thy lambes preiudice, conceitest the astronomicall motions of the heau-
vens: holding thy sheepe-walkes to yeld as great philosophie,
as the ancients discourse in their learned Academi-
es. Thou countest labour as the Indian doeth Chry-
socolla, wherewith they try every mettall; and thou examine-
guery action. Content setteth in thy minde as Neptune in
his Sea-throne, who with his trident maketh every storme. When thou seest the heauens frowne, thou thinkest
on thy faints, and a cleere shynesse putteth thee in minde of
grace: the Summers glorie tellst thee of youths bantle: the
winters parched leavens, of ages declining weakness. Thus
in a mirrour thou measurest thy deedes with equall and con-
siderate motions, & by being a Shepheard findest that which
Kings want in their royalties. Every one looketh thine, reuin-
ing with the windes the Pine-trees of Ida, when the Affrick
shubs wauue not a leafe with the tempest. Whene eyes are
valide with content, that thou canst not gaze so high as ambi-
tion, and soz loue: and with that In wanting of loue, the
shepheard fell into a great laughter. Loue, Menaphon, why
of all follies that euer Poets saied, or men faulted with,
this foolish imagination of loue is the greatest. Venus soz-
sooth for her wanton escapes must bee a goddesse, and her
bastard a Destie: Cupid must bee yong land ever a boy, to
prooue that loue is fond and witlesse: wings to make him
inconstant, and arrowes whereby to shew him fearefull &
blind (of all were not worth a pin) to prooue that Cupids le-
uell is both without aime and reason: thus is the god, and
such

Greene Arcadia

such are his gloriates; nations as our schenhearts of Arcadia settle themselves to fancy, and wears the characters of Venus stamp'd in their fore-hands. Straight their attire must be quaint, their looks full of amors, as their gods quiver is full of arrowes: their eyes holding smiles and teares, to leape out at their mistris fauours; as her scaldnes; sighes must flye as figures of their thoughts, and every wimble must be tempred with a passion: thus fated in outward proportion, and made excellent in inward constitution, they straight repaire to take view of their mistris beauty, who as one obseruant unto Venus principles, first dieth love in her tresses, and wraps affection in the trawells of her haire; snaring our swaines in her lockes, as Mars in the war, holding in her forehead Fortunes Calender, either to affirme dismal influence, or some sanguinable aspect. If a iniunkle appeare in her brow, then our Shepheard must put on his morning day face, and feare no night but Dolefull madrigals of sorrow; if a dimple grace her cheeke, the heauens cannot prooue fatall to our kinde-hearted louers; if they seeme coy, then poems of death may stand upon keepe of faire sighs, die from their master to sue for some fauour, alledging how death at the least may date his misery; to be bytale, as upon the shoares of Lepanto, the windes continue never one day in one quarter, so the thoughts of a lover never continue scarce a minute in one passion; but as Fortunes globe, so is Franciss case, variable and inconstant.

If louers sorowes then bee like Sisyphus tormentiles, and their fauours like honny bought with gall; let moore Menaphon then live at labours, and make shewing of Venus as of Mars his Concubine; and as the Cimbrians hold their idols in account but in every tempest, so make Cupid a god, but when thou art ouer-pained with passions, and then Menaphon will never loue: so as long as thou temperest thy hands with labours, thou canst not settir thy thoughts with loues. And in this satyricall humour limeling at his owne conceit, hee sooke his pipe in his hand,

Greeces Arcadia

and hel to the bery repose of his instrument, sung a song
so to hel him.

Some lay loue,

Foolish loue,

Doth rue and governe all the gods.

I say loue,

Inconstant loue,

Gets mens senses farre astoyned

Some fweare loue,

Smooth'd face loue,

Is sweete loue,

I say loue,

Sowre loue,

Makes vertues yeeld as beauties flauour,

A bitter sweete, a folly wort of all, no good, wort wort of all

That forceth wisedome to be follics the all greeves, and queynt

Loue is sweete,

Wher in sweete, sette forth, and in all loue, to all loue, to

In fading pleasures that doe faime,

Beautys sweete,

In that sweete, wot not, wot not, wot not, wot not, wot not,

That yeed follow for gaine,

Loue's sweete,

Herein sweete, who ni stinnis a swylle audience, ni si-

That minnes joyes are monthly woes,

Tis not sweete,

That is sweete,

No whiche, but wher expens ne growes,

Then loue who lieth, beautee be soowre,

Labour for me, loue rest in Princes bowre,

Menaphon having ended his roundelay, rose up, think-

ing to passe from the mountaine bottomes to the valley, ca-

lling his eye to the sea side, espied certaine fragmentes of a

wrecke floating upon the waves like a calme, walking all wet and

weary

Catrina Andria.

wearie vpon the sands: inounding at this strange sight, hee
stood amazed, yet delitesse to see the agent of this accident,
hee shrowded himselfe in a bush, till hee might per-
ceive what would happen; and looke what metter it was
a woman holding a childe in her arme, and an old man
directing her as it were her guide. These three (as distres-
sed wrackes) preserued by some further fate, pointing Fate,
coueted to clime the Spout-mill, the better to use the fauour
of the Sunne, to dry their drencher apparel, at last crawled
by where poore Menaphon lay clost, say resting them vnder a
bush, the old man did nothing but stand out sightes, and the wo-
man ceased not from streaming forth violets of teares, that
hung on her cheeks like y^e drops of pearls dew n^e the riches
of Flora. The poore babe was the foughstone of his mothers
passions: soz when hee smilid, and lay laughing in her lap,
were her heart never so deeplie overcharged with her present
sorrowes: yet kissing the prettie Infant, shee lightned out
smiles from those cheeks that were furrowed with continual
sources of teares: but if he cryed, then sightes as smokes,
and sobs as thunder-crackes, rose vpon those shewres, that
which redoubled distresse distilled from her eyes: thus with
prettie inconstant passions trimming vp her baby, and at last
to lull him aslepe, shes warbled out of her wosfull brest this
Wittie.

Such abey by him endlesse, on Deel vndr, eibdps
Heeveaglend, I wanwene on, vndrlyndell vpt to seen
Fortune change made him so: inconqueret, alwayes
Whed he had left his gruey hoy. Last his sorow, first his joyy
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Greene's Arcadia.

Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee :
When thou art olde there's griece enough for thee.
Stronger reses than needes stirs, did haue
Like pearl dropes from his eyne; mazgad olives layed ouer
Hell by euerie humblie eyes, solid as quickd assturis
That one smother place suffiseth.
Thus he grieved in ev'ry part, his surfaçē, and bones
Tearis of bloud fell from his heart, and sume of aduerse
When he left his pretty boy, vntill yee al earnest out
Fathers sorrow, Fathers joy.
Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee :
When thou art olde, there's griece enough for thee.
The wanton milde, Fathas wept,
More cryde, baby leapt:
More he townde, more he cryde,
Nature could not sorrow slide.
He must goe, he must kisse,
Childe and mother, baby blisse:
For he left his pretty boy, vntill yee al earnest out
Fathers sorrow, Fathers joy.
Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee :
When thou art olde, there's griece enough for thee.

With this lullaby the baby fell asleep, and Sephestia laying it vpon the grāne grasse, couered it with a mantle, and then leaning her head on her hand, and her elbow on her lap, she fell afresh to poure forth abundance of plaints, which Lamdon the olde man espoying, although in his face appeared the mappe of discontent, and memory inixible: was a catalogue of woes, yet to cheare up Sephestia, shewing his inward sorow with an outwāre smile, he beganne to comfort her in this manner.

Sephestia, thou seest no phisickes phisickes against the gaze of the Wallishes, no abhors against the sting of the Tarantula, no preuention to diuert the decree of the fates: no; no meanes to recall backe the unifull hūt of fortune, Incurable sores are without Auctem Aphorismes, and there-

Greenes Arcadia.

therefore no salve for them but patience. Then my Sephestia, sith thy fall is high, and fortune low; thy sorowes great, and thy hope little, being meepartaker of thy miseries, set all upon this, *Solamen misericordiarum habuisse doloris*. Chance is like Iacus, double-faced, as well full of smiles to comfort, as of frownes to dismay: the Ocean at the deaddest ebbe-re-turves to a full tide, when the Eagle means to soare highest, he raiseth his flight in the lowest dales: so fareth it with fortune, who in her highest extremes is most unconstant: when the tempest of her wrath is most fearfull, then looke for a calme: when she beats thie with Nettles, then thinke she will strew thie with Rose: when she is most familiar with furies, her intent is to bee most prodigall, Sephestia. Thus are the accoures of fortune feathered with plumes of the bird Halcyone, that changeth colour with the Spone, which howsover she shoots them, pierce not so depe but they may be curst. But Sephestia, thou art daughter to a King, exiled by him from the hope of a crowne, banished from the pleasures of the Court to the painefull fortunes of the country, parted for loue from him thou canst not but loue, from Maximus, Sephestia, who for this hath suffered so many disfaours, as either discontent or death can afford. What of all this, is not Hope the daughter of Time: Haue not Starses their favourable aspects, as they haue froward opposition? Is there not a Jupiter as there is a Saturne? Cannot the influence of smiling Venus strech as farr as the stroking constitution of Mars? I tell thee Sephestia, Juno soberly in her browes the Volumes of the destinies: whom melancholy Saturne deposeith from a Crowne, she mildly advanceth to a Diademe: their fears not, for if the mother live in miserie, yet hath she a scepter for the Son: let the unkindeesse of the father be buried in the cinders of obedience, and the want of Maximus bee supplyed with the presence of his pretty babe, who being too yong for fortune, lyes smiling on thy knee and laughes at fortune: learning by hym Sephestia, to bee patient, which is like the balmes in the bals of Ichosphat; that sweetly no wound so depe;

Greenes Arcadia.

but it cureth: thou seest alreadie Fortune begins to change her hiew, so after the great stroome that sent our shipp, we found a calme that brought vs safe to shore; the mercie of Neptune was more then the ennie of Aolus, & the discourtesie of thy Father is proportioned with the fauour of the gods. Thus Sephestia, being copartner of thy miserie, yet doe I seeke to allay thy martyrdome: being sick to my selfe, yet doe I play the phisition to thee, wishing thou mayest beare thy sorowes with as much content, as I brake my misfortunes with patience. As he was ready to go forward with his persuasius argument, Sephestia fetching adipec ligh, filling her tender eyes with teares, made this reply.

Swar! Lamedon, once partner of my royalties, now par-taker of my wants, as constant in his extreme distresse, as faithfull in higher fortunes: the Turtle peacocketh not on barren trees, Doves delight not in soule cottages, the Lyon frequents no putrifid haunts, friends follow not after pouertie, nor hath knistre chance any drugs from the phisitians. *Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes:* and yet Lamedon; the misfortune of Sephestia abridgeth not our olde contracted amittie, thou temperest her exile with thy banishment, and shée sayling to Scix, thou ferriest ouer to Phlegeton: then Lamedon, saying as Andromache said to Hector, *Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris:* Thy aged yeres shall be the Malender of my fortunes, and thy gray haire the Paralels of mine actions. If Lamedon perswade Sephestia to content, Portia shall not excede Sephestia in patience: If hee will her to keepe a lowe fayle, shée will baile all her shaeete: if to forget her lones, shée will quench them with labours: if to accuse Venus as a foe, I will hate Cupid as an enemie: and seeing the destintes haue driven thée from a crowne, I wil rest satisfied with the country, placing all my delights in honoring thée, and nursing vp my pretty wan-ton. I will imagine a smal cottage to be a spacious Palace, and think as great quiet in a russet coat, as in royall habiliments. Sephestia, Lamedon will not scoune with Juno to turne her selfe into h^e shape of Semelas nurse, but unknowne
rest

Greenes Arcadia.

selfe careles of my fortunes: the hope of times returne shall be the end of my thoughts, the smiles of my son shall be the nourishment of my heart, and the course of his youth shalbe the comfort of my peers, every laughter that leapes from his looks, shall be the holiday of my conceits, and every feare shall furnish out my grieves, and his fathers funeralls. I haue heard them say, I amedon, that the lowest shrubbes feele the least tempests, and in the valleys of Africke is heard no thunder, that in countrys roomes is greatest rest, and in little wealth the least disquiet: dignitie treadeth vpon glasse, and honour is like vnto the herbe Si-nara, that when it bloometh most gorgeous, then it blasseth: *Anula vita splenda miseria*, Courts haue golden dreames, but cottages sweet slumbers: then Lamedon, will I disguise my selfe, with my cloathes wil I change my thoughts; for being poorely attired, I will be meaneily minded, & measure my actions by my present estate, not by former fortunes. In saying this, the babe awakte and cried, and she fell to teares mixed with a iuillie.

All this while Menaphon sat amongst the shrubs, fixig his eyes on the glorious object of her face, he noted her tresses, which hee compared to the coloured Hiainth of Arcadia; her brows to the mountain snows that lie on the hils: her eyes to the gray glister of Titans gorgeong mantle, her alabaster necke to the whitenesse of his flockes, her teares to pearls, her face to borders of lillies interseamed with roses: to be bryere, our Shepheard Menaphon that heretofore was an Atheist to loue, and as the Thessalian of Bacchus, so hee a contumier of Venus, was now by the wilie shaft of Cupid so intangled in the perfection & beauteous excellencie of Sephestis; as how hee swore, no benigne planet but Venus, no god but Cupid, no exquisite deitie but Loue. Being thusfettered with the pliant persuasions of fancie, impatient in his new affections, as the horse that never before felt the spurre, he could not bryde his new conceiued smoks, but watching when they shold depart, perceiving by the gestures of the old man, and the teares of the Gentlewoman,

Greenes Arcadia.

Gentlewoman, that they were distrest, thought to offer some helpe that lay within the compasse of his abilitie. As thus hee mused in his new passions, Lamedon and Sephestia rose vp, and resolued to take course which way the windes blew: passing so downe the mountaines to gree secke out some towne, at last they passing farther on, Lamedon espied Menaphon: desirous therefore to knowe the course of the countrey, he saluted him thus,

Shepheard, for to sacre thy attire warrant me; courteous, for so much thy countenance imposeth: if distressed persons, whom Fortune hath wronged, and the fons have fauoured, (if we may count it favour to live and want) may without offence crave so farre aside, as to knowe same place whereso to rest our hearts and weather-beaten bones, our charges shall bee paide, and you haue for recompence such thankes, as Fortunes out-lawes may yeald to their fauourers. Menaphon hearing him speake so graciously, but not setting his eare to his eye, stood staring still on Sephestias face, which shes perceiving, flashed out such a blushe from her alabaster cheekes, that they looke like the ruddy gates of the Morning: this sweet bashfume amasing Menaphon, at last he began thus to answer,

Strangers, your degree I know not, therefore pardon if I give lesse title, then your estates merite: for younes knowe are princes fortunes, and kings are subject to chance & destiny. Mis-hap is to be sauied with pitie, not scorne: and hee that are fortunes darlings, are bound to relievem them that are distrest: therfore follow me, and you shall haue succor, as a Shepheard may afford. Lamedon and Sephestia were passing glad, and Menaphon led the way, not content onely to feede his sight with the beauty of his neigghours, but thought also to infer some occasion of parley, to heare whether her voice were as melodious as her face beautifull, hee therefore prosecute his prattle thus: Gentlewoman, when first I saw you sitting upon the Arcadian promontorie with your babie on your lap, & this old father by, I thought I had seene Venus with Cupid on her knie,

Grecian Arcadia.

caught by Amor's shaftes of love either pale or blushing,
could discover no less than Man his partner; and the
beautie of the child as much as the signifie of her parent:
at least possessing of your favour you richesse to him; that
you force poore strangers distress. She thene fayled to parteke
your soveraines, and inde her queynt sayng to signific how I
pity ouercharged persons, in hem wherof it is to me rare your
name, country and parentage. Sophestia fayling by the shep-
heard spaffit with paine, that the Queens brachise indeue,
replied thus: Iouane of Arcadia, my selfe being chaste
did like like Venus at a blussh; it was when the deuill
godesse inesp for her faire Adonis: my boy is as Cupid,
but the sonne of Care, continuall faulting in his youth to be
(I hope) her darling in his agnes that you thinkes fauour
griefe, and your thought spitteth me indeed, but tongues that
gine thanks (the bountie of good tooke tenement) answere hearts
may that the gods may be as friendly to your flockes, as you
favourable birth is. My name is Sophestia, my country Cy-
pres, my mariage weare, the wife of a poore Gentleman
now deceasde heire but arrivide here by shippecarrie, gentle
shepheare inuentour, left it he treasons for this to heare it,
and a double griefe for wie to enhancen it. The shepheare
not daring displace his spirites, nor hating loues threats
hanging on her lips, hee conuainched them home to his house:
and so as they were arrived there, he began at the same to
entertaine them thus: Faire Spilleris, the flower of all our
Nimphes that liue here in Arcadia; thinke i am thy cottage
wherein I live content, and your louing, where (please it
you) ye may complaynt: I have not they clothes of phisique to
couer the malice, nor staps of plate to distingue my wealth:
for the shepheare use neither to be spake nothing constaunce: you
shall finde here chesse and viles for dainties, and wens for
cloathing, in every corner of the house. Content setting smiling
and temporizing euery honest thing with a wortcom: this if
ye can speake and accept of (as gods allow the innocent ho-
petalistic) ye shall haue such welcome and fare as Philemon
and Baucis gaue to Jupiter. Sophestia thankst hym heartily,

and going into his bosome, told him what he promisid him that
 they had lete a little by the side and were well iourned, they
 went to supper, where Sephestia too well, as one whom the
 sea had made unquiet; and Lamedon so pilled his teeth, that
 at supper he spake not one word, till after they had taken their
 repast. Memphis seeing they were weary, and that sleepe
 chined on to the rest, let them sit there lodging, and so gaue
 them the god night. Lamedon on his flock-bed, and Sephe-
 stia on her country couch, were so weary, that they slept
 well; but Memphis, purst Memphis, neither askes his
 friends for his sleep, nor taketh his mapple-spade on his neck
 to sic his pastures; but as a man pained with a thousand
 passions, drenched in distresse, groaneth whelmed with a mul-
 titude of uniooth cares; he laye like the pictures that Per-
 seus hung with his Gorgon-head into stones. His sister
 Carmela kept his house, (for so was the country wench cal-
 led) and shee seeing her brother sit so malcontented, slept to
 her cupboard; & fetcht a little beaten spicke in an old bladder,
 she spake no evening milke, but went amongst the creame
 bowles, and made him a posset. But nias glasse had so locked
 vp the shepheards stomach, that none would dolone with
 Memphis. Carmela seeing her brother refuse his spiced
 drinke, thought all was not well, and therfore sat down and
 wept: to be short, she blubbered, and he sighed; and his men
 that came in and saw their master with a horche on his
 head, mourned: so that amongst these swaines there was
 such melodye, that Memphis loske his bow and arrowes,
 and went to bed: where easling himselfe, he thought to have
 beguiled his passions with some sweet slumbers; but lone
 that smilid at his new entitained champion, sitting on
 his beds head, wicked hym toward with new desires,
 charging Morpheus, Phobos, and Icolon the gods of
 sleepe, to present unto his closed eyes the singular beauty
 and rare perfections of Samela (whom he will now call
 her) in that the Idee of her excellency forced him to breathe
 out scalding fighes smothered within the somme of his
 thoughts, which grew into this or the like passion.

Greene's Arcadia

I had thought; Menaphon, that he which weareth the bay
leafe, had bin free from lightning, and the Eagles per a pro-
fervatine against thunder, that labour had beene suete to
loue, and the eschewing of idlenes an antidote against fan-
cie: but I see by profe, there is no aduant so hard, but the
bloud of a Goat will make soft: no heat so well defenced, but
Strong battery will enter, nor any heart so privy to velleſſe
labours, but enchantments of loue will ouercome. Unfor-
tunatly Menaphon, that of late thoughtless Vaine a strumpet,
and her sonne a bastard: now muſt thou offer incense at her
shyne, & Iweare Cupid no leſſe then a god: thou haſt reason.
Menaphon, for her that liues without loue, liues without
life, presuming as Narcissus to haue all, and being like him,
at length despised of all. Can there be a ſwifter bliſſe then
beautie, a greater heauen then her heauenly perfections
that is miſtris of thy thoughts? If the ſparkle of her eyes
appears in the night, the flares bluſh at her brightenesse:
If her haire glither in the day, Phœnix puts off his wreath
of diamonds, as overcome with the ſhine of her tresses: if
the walke in the fields, Flora ſeeing her face, bids all her glo-
rious flowers ſchift their bluies, as being by her beautie di-
graced: if her ſkin in her necke appears, then Hymen con-
reth his ſhoſt, as far paffion in whitenesse to be thort, Menap-
hon, if Samiel had appeared in Ida, Juno for maiſtice,
Pallas for wiſdom, and Venus for beauty had let my Samuela
haue the ſophemacie: ſoþy ſhould thou not then loue,
and thinke therē is no life in loue, ſeing the end of loue is
the poſſeſſion of ſuch a heauenly paragon: but what of this,
Menaphon? haſt thou any hope to injoy her person: ſhee is
a widdow: true, but too high for the ſortunes: ſhee is in di-
ſtreſſe. Ah, Menaphon: if thou haſt any ſparke of comfort,
this muſt ſet thy hope on ſure: want is the load-stone of af-
fection, diſtreſſe ſorceth diſper then ſortunes frownes, and
ſuch as are paſte, wil rather loue then want reliefe: ſortunes
frownes are whettones to fancie, and as the houſe ſtartheth
at the ſpurte, ſolour is piched ſowward with diſtreſſe. Sa-
muela is ſhipwoſhed, Menaphon releases her: ſhe wants,

Greenes Arcadia.

He fappies with wodly, he fues for loue; ryther must ther
grent oþþay deall wodlyperpetuall repenteance. In this
hope remayneth the pwoþ shepherd: and with that, Menaphon
laid his heades bownde on the pistoll, and tooke a sound nap,
leping out lancie with a god slumber. And so he did.
As soone as the man appeared, the shepherd got him up,
amado fat with this hope, went merrily with his men to
the foldes, and ther lettynge forth his sheep, after that he had
appointed where they shold graze, returned home, and le-
ving when his guests shold rise, having slept ill y last night
went roundly to his breakfast: by that time he had ended
his deales, Lancdon was gotten up; and so was Samela.
Against their will, Samela had sholde her echerie, and
Menaphon tyed in his russet jackett, his redde sleeves al-
chamlet, his blaw booke, & his round shaps of country cloth,
bestirred hym, as ever yoynt that diene sat to a sundry of-
fice. Samela no sooner camys out of her Chamber, but Me-
naphon as ofte that daynes pety for his pallions, ded hym
god morrow with a deale lonesake: Samela knawinge the
fowle by the Feathur, was able to saue his life without
his water, perceyning that Cupid had caught the pwoþ shep-
herd in his net, and therto he sought quicke to deake out
of the snare, would make hym a tyme syde a faire token shew
gave hym, and with a smylling sorow disconsored hole ther
griened at his misfortune, & yet farroured hym to break
thar they were, Lancdon & Samela shad, but Menaphon
like the Argus in the Watermyndes of Arabia, lived with
the contemplacion of his mistis beharty the Salamander
lives not without fire, the Herring frans the water, the
Shole frans the earth, & the Cameleon frans the ayre: noz
could Menaphon lyes but in flight of his Samela, whose
breath was perfumed ayre, whose ries were the inherin he
devoted to dally, whose heart the earthly paradise, wher-
in he belied to migrate the essence of his loue and affection:
thus did the pwoþ shepherd bathe in a kinde of blisse, while
his eye steyng on his mistis face, forfetterid with the exel-
lencie of her perfeccyon: So long her gazed, that at length
k;eak-

Greenes Arcadia.

breakfast was ended, and he desirous to do her any service, first put her childe to nurse, and then led her forth to see his folds : thinking with the sight of his flocks to insigle her, whose minde had rather haue chosen any misfortune, then haue deigned her eyes on the face and feature of so low a p-
sant. Well, abroad they went, Menaphon with his sheep,
booke fringed with crowell, to signifie he was chiefe of the
Swaines, Lamedon and Samela after : plodding thus ouer
the greene fields, at last they came to the mountaines where
Menaphons flocks grazed, and there he discoursed to Samela
thus. I tell this faire nymph, these plaintes that thou seekest
stretching Southward, are pastures belonging to Men-
aphon : there growes the Cinqufoil, and the Hyacinth, the
Cowslip, the Primrose, and the Violet, which my flocks shal
spare so; flowers to make the Garlands, the milke of my
Ewes, shall be meate so; my pretty wanton, the wull of the
fat wethers, that seeme as fine as the ficer that Jason fetcht
from Colchos, shall serue to make Samela wobs withall, the
mountaine tops shall be thy morning walke, and the shadie
Wallies thy evenings Arbour, as much as Menaphon cined,
shall be at Samelas command, if the like to live with Men-
aphon. This was spoken with such deep affects, that Samela
could scarce keepe her from smiling : yet she couered her con-
teit with a sorowfull countenance, which Menaphon sly-
ping, to make her merry, and rather so; his owne aduantage,
seeing Lamedon was aslape, tooke her by the hand, and late
dowme, and pulling forth his pipe, began after some mew-
bie to caroll out this roundelay.

Menaphons roundelay.

When tender Ewes brought home with Evening Sunne,
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds, in a quiet Mornynge to returne
The shepheards trudge when light of day is done:
Upon a tree,
The Eagle / ones faire bird did perch,
There reffeth he

Greeces Arcadia.

A little flye harbour then did search,
And did presume (though others laught therer) Actus II. sc. 1.
To pearch whereas the princely Eagle sate.

The Eagle frownde and shooke his roiall wings,
And charg'de the Flye, Actus II. sc. 1.
From thence to hye.

Afraide in haste, the little creature flings,
Yet seekes againe, Actus II. sc. 1.
Fearefull to peache him by the Eagles side, Actus II. sc. 1.
Whb moody vaine, Actus II. sc. 1.
The speedy post of Ganymede replide :
Vassall, auant, or with my wings you dye,
Is't fit an Eagle scathion with a flye?

The flye craued pittie, still the Eagle frownde,
The filly flye, Actus II. sc. 1.
Readie to dye, Actus II. sc. 1.
Disgracde, displaced, fell groueling to the ground; Actus II. sc. 1.
The Eagle saw,
And with a roiall minde, said to the flye,
Be not in awe,

I scorne by me the meanest creature dye :
Then leate thee here : the ioyfull flye vp flings,
And late late shadowed with the Eagles wings,

As stome as Menaphon had ended this roundelay, turning to Samela, after a country blush, he began to court her in this homely fashion: what thinke you Samela of the Eagle for this roiall deed? that he saluid the old Proverbe, *Anquila non capit muscas*. But I meane Samela, are you not in opinion, that the Eagle gives instance of a princely resolution, in preferring the safetie of a flye, before the credit of her roiall maiestie? I thinkes Menaphon that high minids are the shelters of poverty, flyings seats are conuers for distressed persons, that the Eagle in shrowding the flye did well, but a little forgot her honor. But how thinke you, said Samela, is this proportion to be obserued in loue? I gesse no, the flye did

Greenes Arcadia.

did it not for loue, but for succour. Hath loue then respect of circumstance? Els it is not loue, but lust; for where þ parties haue no sympathy of estates, there can no firme loue be fift: discord is reputed the mother of diuision, as in nature this is an vniuersall principle, that it faulteth, which faileth in unioȝmitie. Hee that grafts Gilliflowers vpon the Nettle, marreth the smel, who couets to tie the lamb and the lion in one teader, makes a braule: equall fortunes, are loues sauorites, and therefore shold fancy be alwaies limited by Geometricall proposition, lest if yong matching with old, fire and frost fall at a combate, and if rich with poore, there hap many dangerous and brawling obiections. Menaphon halfe wippid in the pase with this reply, yet like a tall souldier stode to his tackling and made this answeare: suppose gentle Samela, that a man of meane estate, whom disdainfull fortune had abased, in tending to make her power prodigall in his mis-fortunes, being feathered with Cupids bolts were snared in the beautie of a Queene, shold he rather die then discouer his amoz? If Quernes (quoth she) were of my minde, I had rather die, then perish in baser fortunes. Venus loues Vulcan, replied Menaphon: truthe, quoth Samela, but though he was polt-wrotes, yet he was a god. Phao infroyed Sappho, he a ferriman that liued by his hands thrist, ther a princess that late inuested with a diadem. The moze fortunate, qd. Samela, was he in his honoȝs, and she the leſſe famous in her honestie. To leave these instances, replied Menaphon (for loue had maden him hardy) I sweet Samela, inser these presupposed premisces, to discouer the basenesse of my mean birth, and yet the deynesse of my affection, who euer since I saw the brightnesse of your perfection shining vpon the mountaines of Arcady, like the glister of the Sun vpon the topless promontory of Sicilia, was so snared with your beauty, & so innewled with the excellency of that perfeccion that exceds all excellency, that loue entring my deſire, hath maintained himselfe by force, that unlesse sweete Samela grant me fauor of her loue, & play the princely Egale, I shall with the poore die perith in my fortunes: he conclud-

Greene's Arcadia.

bed this period with a deepe sigh: and Samela grieved at this folly of the shepheard, gave him mildly this answere.

Menaphon, my distressed haps are the resolution of the destinies, and the wrongs of my youth are the forerunners of my woes in age, my natvie home is my worst nursery, & my friends deny that which strangers preindicially grant: I abriued in Arcadic shiptwackt, and Menaphon扇ozing my sorowes, hath afforded me succours, for which Samela restes bound, and will proue thankfull: as for loue, know that Venus standeth on the Tortois, as shewing that loue creepeth on by degress, that affection is like the snaile, that steales to the top of the lannce by minutes: the grasse hath his increase, yet never any sees it augment, the sun shadoweth, but the motion is not seene: loue like thos should enter into the eys, and by long gradations passe into the heart: Cupid hath wings to flie, not that loue should be swift, but that he may soare his, to aviod base thoughts. The Topaz being thowne into the fire, burnes strait, but no sooner out of the flame but it frezeth: straw is soone kindled, but it is but a blaze: and loue that is caught in a moment, is lost in a minute: giv me leue, Menaphon, first to say howe my fortunes, then to call to mind my husbands late funeralls; then if the fates hane assigned I shall fancie, I will account of thē before any shepheard in Arcadic. This conclusion of Samela drew Menaphon into such an extasie for joy, that hee stoode as a man metamorphozed: at last, calling his sonnes together, he told her her selfe satisfied with her answere, and thereupon lent her a kisse, such as blushing Theris receives from her choicest Leman. At this Lomedon awaked, atherwise, no doubt, Menaphon had replied, but breaking off their talke, they went to view their pastures, & so passing downe to the place where the sheep grazed, they searched the shepheards bags, & so emptied their bottles, as Samela maruelled at such an uncouth banquet: at last they returned home, Menaphon glorying in the hope of his successse, entertaining Samela still with such curtesy, y the finding such content in the cottag, began to despise the honors of the court.

Melting

Greene Arcadia.

Resting thus in house with the Sheyheard, to avoyd tedious conceits, she framed her selfe so to countrie labours, that she oft-times would leade the buckes to the fields her selfe, and being drest in humely attire, shewes seemedlike O-
none that was amorous of Paris. As shes thus often traced
alongst the plaines, she was noted amongst the Shepheards
of one Doron next neighbour to Menaphon, who entred
into the consideration of her beauty, and made report of it
to all his fellow swaines, so that they chatted wrought in
the fields but of the new shepheardesse. One day, amongst
the rest, it chaunced that Doron sitting in parley with an-
other country companion of his, amidd other tattis, they
prattled of the beautie of Samela. Dost thou know her, quoth
Melicertus? (for so was his friend called) I quoth Doron,
and sighed to see her, not that I was in love, but that I gra-
ued shes should bee in love with such a one as Menaphon.
What manner of woman is she, quoth Melicertus? As well
as I can, answered Doron, I will make description of her,

Dorons description of Samela.

Like to Diana in her summer weedes,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest die,

goes faire Samela.

Whiter then be the flocks that straggling seede,
When walst by Arashus a faint they lie,

is faire Samela.

As faire Aurora in her mornng gray,
Deckt with the ruddy glister of her loue,

is faire Samela.

Like louely Thesus on a calmed day,
When as her brightnesse Neptunes fancy moue,

is faire Samela.

Her cheeke gold, her eyes like glassie streames,
Her teeth are pebble, the breasts are ivory,

of faire Samela.

Her cheekes like rose & lilly yeeld forth gleamess,
Her browes bright arches framde of ebony:

thus faire Samela.

Greene's Arcadia.

Palefch faire Venus in her brauest Hcaw,
And now in the shew of modestie, somwhat calld
red adowne for her Sunnes.
Pallor whit all meet it you will view,
Per beaulty, wit, and matchless dignitie,
yeeld to Damels,
Whose half (quoth Melicertus) made such a description,
as if Paphos long bee thond to paint out the perfection of his
Greatham paramour. She thinkes the Idea of her person re-
presenteth more an offence to my vantie, and that I see in the
discouerie of her excellency, the rare beauties of - : and with
that he did REED abundantly with such a deep sigh as it seruened
his heart should have broken, acting as the Lapithes when
they quayled on Medoys. Doron maruellung at this somaine
event, was halfe afraid, as it some apoynty had alstoned
his senses, so that cherrynge up his friend, he demanded what
the cause was of this somaine conceit. Melicertus no mig-
gard in discouerie of his fortunes, began thus: I tell thee
Doron, before I kept cheape in Arcadic, I was a thep-
heard elsewhere, so famous for my flockes, as Menaphon
for his foldes; beloued of the Nymphes, as he like of the
Country Damels; ropting in my loues to die Cupids
wings, to soare high in my desires, though my selfe were
borne to base sortunes. The hobby catcheth no prey, un-
lesse she mount beyond her marke, the Palme tree beareth
most boughes whers it groweth highest, & loue is most for-
tunate where his courage is resolute, and though beyond
his compasse. Grounding therefore on these principles, I
sift mine eyes on a Pianph, whose parentage was great, but
her beauty far more excellent: her birth was by many de-
grees greater then mine, and my worth by many dillente
lesse then hers: yet following Venus loues Adonis; and Lu-
na Endymion, that Cupid had voltes feathered with the
plumes of a Crowe, as well as with the penes of an Eagle:
I attempted, and courtes her, I found her lookes lightning
disdaine, and her forehead to containe fauours for o-
thers,

Criech Areadic

thers, and frownes for me: when I alleaged faith, shee crost
me with Æneas: when loyalty, she told me of Isidor: when
I stwoze constancie, she exquestioned me of all Demophoon:
when I craud a finall resolution to my selfe, shee
hid her browes full of iwynckles, and her eyes full of surie,
turned her back, and thode the aff with a Non placet. Thus
in loues I lost loues, and for her loue had lost all, had I not
when I were despayred the clothement of loue, courtesey
warre, or rather the very excellencye of some Misters fauours
salued my halse despayring maladie: for thinkeing that I
held a superstitious opinion of him, in honouring him for
a Deitie, not in counting him a vaine conceite of Poetrie,
that I thought it sacriledge to wrong my desires, and the
baseſt fortune to inhaunce my fortune by falling my pleasure
to a woman, shee left from being ſe rammage, and gently
came to the firſt, and granted me thole fauours, that might
afford me my thoughts desire: with this her cooſt and fell of
gaine to his fighes, which I ſcarce noting, answered thus.
If (my good Melicertus) thou diuſt enjoy thy loues, what
is the occation thou beginnest with fighes, and endest with
passions? Ah, Doron, there ends my joyes, for now longer had
I triumpht in my fauours, but the fronthair of my fortunes
fell like the hearbes in Syria, that flouere in the morne,
and fade before night, like unto the flye Tyryma, that
taketh life, and leaueth it all in one day. So (my Doron) did
it fare with me, for I had no ſamer enjoyed my loue, but
the heauens (envious a ſhepherd) ſhould haue the fruitioun
of ſuch a heauenly Paragon ſent haueuacable fates to de-
prive me of her life, and ſhe is dead: Dead Doron: to her,
to my ſelue, to all, but not to my memorie, for ſo deepe were
the caracters ſamped in my inward ſenses, that oblation
can neuer rafe out the forme of her excellencye. And with
that he ſat by ſkinning his ſell out of thofe drappes with
muſicks, (for he played on his pipe certayne ſounds he had
contineined in paule of that country wrenches, but plaine Do-
ron, as plaine as a packe of ſteales, perſoned him in ſounds conve-
nyng he immeſuring poynts, whiche he farrowed to this effect.

Dorons

Greene's Arcadia

Spiridon. What counseil **Doros** bigge,
Through the shrubs as I can cracke,
For my Lambes pretty ones,
Mongst many little ones.
Nymphes I meane, whose haire was blacke,
As the Crow, and whose eyen were
Like the snow, and whose haires
Her face and browes shaine I weene,
I saw a little one,
A bonny pretty one,
As brighte, buxome, and as faire,
As was the blithe sunne,
That killed the God, whose arrowes warres,
Such merry little ones,
Such faire fayre pretty ones,
As dally in loues chieffethartnes
Such was mine,
Whose gray eyne
Made me loue. I gan to wroote
This sweete little one,
This bonny pretty one,
I woote hardys day or two,
Till she had
Be not sad,
Woo no more, I am thine owne,
Thy dearest little one,
Thy brackt pretty one :
Thus was faith and firms loue showne,
As behoues
She heards loue.
How like you this dittie of mine stowes bestilling, quoth
Doros? As well as my wiflike, replies Melicertus; for if
Pan and I strive, Midas being Judge, who shold haue to
giv me the garland, I doubt not but his Alles care should
be doubled: but Doros, so long his disputes of loue, and say,
get

Grecian Arcadian

get our labors, that both our storkes shall be fulfilled; and
to morrow our merry meeting himself. What is come (quoth
Doron) for there will bee all the Iaphetians daughters and
country damsels, and amoungst them, some not but Meno-
phon will bring his fairest nymphs, them, Melicertus;
that thou sit her that will amaze all our maidens, and make
thee, and therefore good Melicertus, let us bee going. With
this prattle, away they went to their false, where hee left
them, and returne to Menaphon, who triumphing in hope
of his new loves, caused Samos to friske her by in her coun-
try attire, and make her selfe by her against the meeting day
then thought, to be coy, here to discouer her thoughts, left
her selfe by in Carmel as tasse xxviii, and that leuanting
as if Venus in her country peticion had thought to maintayne
it with her lovely Adonis. The more incano, and stamp
they went, but Laomedon was left behind to keepe the houses.
At the hours appointed, Menaphon, Carmela, and Samos
comes, when all the rest were ready to make meers. No sooner
as Iason was brought, that Menaphon came with his new
spouse, all the company began to murmur, and every man
to prepare his eye for Iason's colouris or object: but Perseis
a Hebrean daughters of the same Iason, that long had
loved Menaphon, shee had filled her broders with tristnesse,
her eyes with fume, and her heart with griefe; yet couer-
ting in secret assembly, as well as the ground to hide a
path in the weeds, she expected (as others did) the arrivall of
her new captiue: who at that instant came with Meno-
phon into the house. No sooner was she entred into the par-
lour, but her eyes gaue such a shone, and her face such a
brightnesse, that they stood gazing on this goddesse; and the
unexperiance, seeing her sole among so many unknowne
swaines, open her cheeks with such a terrifick blush, that
the country maidens themselves fell in loue with this faire
Nymph, and could not move Menaphon for being over
the houses: being such a beautifull creature. Doron layes
Melicertus on the stolte, and to stowch him out of a dreame:
for he was deeplye beaten, in the contemplation of her ex-
cellency;

solentie ; telling out tidies of Sighes in remembrance of
 his old loves ; thus he late night racing on her favour, how
 much shee resembled her that death had depraved him of:
 well ; her welcome was great of all the company, and so that
 shee was a stranger, then graunger to make her the mistris
 of the feaste. Menaphon, living Sancilia thus humbled, conte-
 nedy no small content in the aduancing of his wifte, being
 passing fayre and pleasant with the rest of the compaニー,
 insomuch that every one perceiued how the poore woume
 fed upon the dignities of his Mistriengraunge. Sancia noting
 this, begane to lament ; and Caesar thinking upon her fel-
 liones, answered her froutines with a smile, which dou-
 bted her grieses to be solitaires, paines are more pinching if
 they be girded with a strumpfe, then if they bee gaied with
 a mitebinde. Whiles thence there was banding of such looks,
 as every one impasted in much as an impasse, Sancia
 willing to set the fashion of these country young strokes, cast
 her eyes abroad, and in biolding every face, at last her eyes
 glanced on the looks of Melicerus, whose countenance re-
 sembled infants heareat Lord, that as a sombre afflition
 stood staring on his face, but otherwise to give his pale
 Stranger, the more restraint of her looks, and so taking her
 eye fowther particular obiect, shee sent it abroad to make
 general surveyng of their Countrey deincequours. What a wofull
 all this gaynes, her that had long paste her naphon whiche
 infected with a jealous forme, he flared each man in the face,
 fearing their eyes shold sticke surfeit on his Mistriis beautie ; if they glanced, bee thought strait they woule be vniuers
 in his loues ; if they flatly lookt, then they were depey
 snored in affection ; if they once smilte on her, they had re-
 ceaved some glance from Sancia that made them to malapert ; if shee laught, the like and at that he began to strokher
 thus late poore Menaphon all dinner while pained with a
 thousand jealous passions, keeping his teeth garders of his
 stomache, and his eyes watchmen of his loues : but Meli-
 cerus halfe impatient of his new conceaved thoughts, de-
 termined to try how the Damsell was brought by, and
 whether

Greene's Arcadia.

whether there was as well as painfull, and that he had
gane to breake silence now.

The Dyes which the bacchani did kepe in their mante, the
leaus whiche the melancholie Souldiers founde in Davy-
by, were never so quicke byt moake theron thys tyme
vates they did breake amongst them selfes with many pia-
sant parties: were it not greate chere that most of Arcadias
famous for the beauty of our Glymphis, and the roundnes
roundenes of our fayre heare, shold vngaste Panholme
day with such melancholie vamps & gretous country
swaines shone all contayning day, and seeing the haire in one
company vamels both beautifull and wilde, let me ente-
taine them with prattle to try our boies, and tyme our tyme
this they all agreed with a Plaudite. Their quod Melicertus
by your leave, since I was still in motion, I will beffit in
question, and therefore new-comes Shepheardesse, first to you:
as it is Samela blithe, and he began thus.

Faire Damself, when Nereus chattered with Juno, hee had
pardon, in that his prattle came more to pleasure the goddes-
sese, then to ratifie his stony pycnomission, ifg, misris, be
ouerbold, forgiue me: I request not an offence, but to let tyme
free from tebounesse. Then gentle Shepheardesse tolde me, if
you shold be transformed through the anger of the gods, into
some shape, what creature wold you thinke to be thy
former Samois blithing that the wantonesse that was bore-
den, yet gathered by her crumis, and vident to be in her
pregnant wile, (as the wiles of women bee euer tickled with
left-lone) made him this answere: Thus odde-sayd least

Gentle Herpessard, it shal not straingers to be nimis a new
maidens to say: tell the oys tale the weight of a soule,
the other to fall of a lempre: pittig questions and answere
whetstones, and by discouering in leys, many noble and
deciphered in earnest: therfore you knowe also - Called me
in cravinge pardon, when you heare me name to feare my
wrath, or spacion. Wherefore thus to pose questions:
Daphne, I rememb're, was turned to a bay-tree, Nymphes
dame, Lemprea and her sisters to Nymetes, and Sunnes

Groenes Arcadia.

W^rit^{en} Agst 1609 by me, according to their merits; but if my will might serue for a *Spurcumapholis*, I woul^d bee
turne into a sheep. A sheep, and wh^ere so misericord? I reason
thus, quoth Samela, my supposition shoul^d bee simple, my
life quiet, my soule the pleasant plaines of Arcadie, and the
wealthy riches of France; my bosome the case itcames that
flows from the *concreme*: *Monotonie* of this continent,
my aires shoul^d bee cleare, my walkes spacious, my sportable
at ease, and can ther be (shepheards) any better premisses
to conclude my reply than these? But haue you no other
allegations to amende your resolution? Ver^r Sir, quoth she,
and faire greater. When the law of our first motion, quoth
her, commands you to repeat them. Far be it, answered
Samela, that I shoul^d doe of free-will any thing that this
pleasant company commands: therefore thus: were I a
sheep, I shoul^d bee guarded from the falles with folly
Swaines, such as was Lunes Lope on the hilles of Leto-
nia; their pipes sounding like the melodye of Mercurie,
when he laid asleepe Argus: but more, when the Damsels
tracing along the plaines, shoul^d bee with their eyes like
sun-bright beams, dwelt on inkē to gaze on such spark-
ling Planets: then sware with foye, shoul^d I lie and looke
on their beauties, as on the loothish wealth of the circell
Grottoes, I shoul^d listen to their sweete laires, more
fayre then the faerie Syrens: throe fiding on the hel-
muds of their features. I shoul^d like the Tyrian halfe full
of bone with Age nowe darkeing. I say, quoth Melicerus,
those faire-faced damsels oft dwelt forth the kindest shewe
of the Swaines. Now what of that? Sir, answered Samela,
wouls not a Swaine long fed with beauty, die so^r lass
of fayre (quoth Peto) there is more humerall in beauty
then contrymennes: they ha^r long lasses when lasses ha^r
long lasses. If they ha^r lasses, smooth Menaphoon, then shew
them their motions with what spacks they haue of incon-
tinence. They ha^r lasses their female followers. As the mee-
sage of the world unto him from the Alman^r see as it is, answere
Peto, when you woul^d gone another daye make of a mea-
suring coche,

Greene's Arcadia.

thercrosse, that brought forth such a wantring companion : for you, M. Menaphon, measure your lokes by minutes, and your lones are like lightning, which no sooner flas on the eye, but they banish. It is then quoth M. Menaphon, because mine eye is a foolish lidge, and chaseth too vailly : which when my hart conlures of, it casteth away all refuse. It were bold then, said Pelana, to discharge such unfull ledges of their states, and to let your eares hearers of your lone-pleas. If they fault, quoth Melicetus, every market Towne hath a remedie, as else there is never a baker wete by hal. miles. Say, curtaius the heards, quoth Samel, these leys are too broad before, they are tyicallike Diogenes arms, that had large feathers and sharp beaver: it little lies in this company to bandy taunts of loue, saying you are unloved, and these all maidens addicted to chassifrie. You speake so ill as a patronesse of our credite, quoth Pelana, for indeade we be virgins, and addicted to virginitie. Now (quoth Menaphon) that you have got a Virgin in your mouth, you will never leauie chanting the word, till you proue your selfe either a Welfall or a Wibill. Suppose she were a Welfall, quoth Melicetus, I had almost laid a Virgin (but God forbid I had made such a Doubtfull supposition) the night carrie water with Amulis in a time: for amonst all the rest of virgins, we reare of none but her, that wrought such a miracle. Pelana bearing how pleasantlie Melicetus plaide with her nose, thought to give him a great hong to graue upon, which lies cast in his teeth thus briefly. I remember sir, that Epicurus measured every mans diet by his alone principles: Apradas the great Macedonian parrat, thought every one had a letter of mare that failes in the Ocean: none came to knock at Diogenes tubbe but overcomyned a Cynick: and fonicke of late bath to tickle pan to his bonities, that you will think we craite a flat sound conceit of poetrie. Samel perceiving these blaines moning graue to haue wounded, brake off their dials with the mettle of regreissen: Gentlemen, to end this storie, I may say, gan let us heare the opinion of Doron, for all this while neither dor nor Camelia haue ter-

Greeches Arcadia.

tered one word, but late as ten o're at our pless: there necessarie he told vs how his heart came thus on his halfe septny. Doron hearing Samela thus plaintif, made presently this blunt reply: I was (faire misris) in solemnie doubt with my selfe, whether in being a therpe, þis would be a remor an ewe? an ewe, no doubt, quoth Samela, þis houres are the heaviest burthen that the head can bear. As Doron was ready to reply, came in suddenly to it his party fours or fives old shepherdes: who broke off their prattie, that from that, they fell to drinking; and so after same party of their flockes, every one departed to their owne house, where they talked of the exquissit perfection of Samela, especially Melicertus, who gotten to his owne cottage, and lieen downe in his coomy bedchamber, begannes to ruminate on Samelas shape.

My Melicertus, what an object for me this day brought to thy eyes! presenting a strange Idyl to the sight, as appeared to Achilles of his dead friend Patroclus, tresses of gold like the trammels of Sephestias locks: a face fairer then Venus, such may Sephestia; her eye paints her out Sephestia, her voice sounds her out Sephestia, she serueth none but Sephestia: but seeing there is Dead, and there lives not such another Sephestia, sue to her and loue her, for that it is either a selfe-same as another Sephestia. In this hope Melicertus fell to his slumber, but Samela was not content: for he begannes thus to moile with her selfe: May this Melicertus be a shephearde, as can a countrie cottage afford such perfections! both this roialt bring forth such excellencies: then happy are the virgins that shall have such夫ters, and the wifes such pleasing husbands, but his face is not fit: roach'd with age, rustie proportion, his bristles contains the characters of nobility, and his locks of sorþearde's wad are losly by his voice pleasing, þis wit full of genric: weigh all these equally, and consider Samela, is it not the Maximus? And so took away with their oppositions: could the screaming of Andromache call Hector from his grave? as can the bellowing my husband raffe him from the sea?

Tussh,

Grecian Arcadia.

With, shooe not to shew banishe he is dead, and therefore
gives not thy memory with the imagination of his new
reueue, for there hath beene but one Hippolitus found to bee
Virbius, twice a man: to false Samela then this suppose, if
they court the both with Diuine, entauaine them with Rales:
if he send her a Lamb be present him a Cewe: if her Indo, her
Imoge, and for me other swines, but, he is like Maximus,
Elbus he is rife, and when shee slept, all parties being e-
qually content and satisfied with honest Pelias, who
settled with the features of her best behauish Menaphon,
late cursing Cupid as a partiall Deitie, that wold make
more day-light in the Armanent then one sunne, more
rains-boies in the heauen than one Ias, and more loues in
one heart then one settled passion: many prayers he made
to Venus for revenge, in any boisterous Cupid, many Divers
to Clemencie, if those might pollute the type of her desires.
Well now come, he will saye this was named the fiftt herte
all with patience, and thought to ayeane lope with fowling
not to loue and thus those haue brone out the time with la-
bour and looking to her herd, bearing every day by Doron
who was her hirman, what successe Menaphon had in his
louers, the one faine and forsworne alwaies, oldem catastro-
phe to make a woe pleasing Centaur, left out amongst
them thus. Melicentus going to the fields, as he was wont
to doe with his flocke, alone to graze, as were the fowlines of
Menaphon as he myght, to have sight of his newe entauai-
ned with this: in his roving, in his contemplation came thither
every day. Melicentus, esteeming her to bee some Farmers
daughter at the mou, could nat tell how to cauch her: yet, at
length calling to remembrance her carefull disconuerred in
their last discouering, bidding opperuntie to gise her bath
ball and rachet, using the condicione, and that none but
Samela and he were in the field, he left his booke in the baf-
fey, and leapt unto her, and fainted her thus.

Spilris, at all ries that glaunce but at the excellency of yont
perfection, foraigne of all such as Veous hath allowed for
louers, Oenones ouer-match Arcadias comel, beauties se-

Greene's Arcadia.

Lord tensoft, all haue: That g-yo-wt like Iuno taken the first
watch her wights better on the linnen betwix, as bright as
miser Phoebe mounted on the his top of the ruddy element,
3 was by a strange attracting force drawne, as the admant
drawes the iron, or the heat the stone, to vilitate your swarts
selfe in the shade, and affeare you dark compaines as a peaze
Swartine may pise without offence, which if you shall touch
to brighte of, 3 shall be no glorie of such detested service, as
Paris was hit of his bethelmons detracour. Samela looking
upon the the phœnix face, and fearing his utterance full of he-
avenly glorie, thought to be pleasant with her Cupid's choy:
Arcadias Apollo, whose brightness blazed every tie for him
as the Michotropion both after her Iuno fairest of the hephebes
the stumper twelv' object, wistens long, in wronging
many wiles his bus, welcome, & to welcome, as to banche-
lare of your seruice, wert of howe company, as of him that
is the centre of all commandes: the true choy by drawing light
yours, would be fit to reward you as sholdes a chal of your
coming. Samela made this ready, because she heard him in
superfine, as if Bohemus had learned him to tempe his mo-
thers language, and when he had it by heart, he had someit of an indorne
desire to be excommunicate Melicetus thinking Samela had
learned wile Lucilla to Athens, to amazement his self, and spake
none but smiles. Sometimes like Thymothes her talkes to bee
thought like Sapho. Phœbus' daughters, the Diestards either in
Athenes compositions, Samela did none for thirr than 3 choir,
Priscous sonson could not be without stiches of Stymphales to
follow him in the bale of Ida, beauty her legions to attend
her excellency: if the Diestards be true: if like Narcissus you
wrap not your face in the cloud of subdaine, you cannot but
have some rare reward to your wifte, whiche I would
have you in sondes somwhat describe as loves last loue, if love
could get scattur Iuno: any place that pretium, and 3 adventure
with my woice to let out my wifte's fauour, for your excell-
ency to censure or make therfore thus: yet Melicetus, for that
he had a further reach, would not make any choy with de-
scription, chanted it thus curiously.

Mr-

Greynes Arcadia.

Melicertus description of his Mistris.

Tune on my Pipe, the prayse of my loue,
And mid thy Oaten harps myre course
How faire she is that maketh thy musike mount
And every string of thy hearts Harpe to moue
Shall I compare her sonne vnto the Spheare?
Whence Sun-bright Venus vaunts her siluer shire?
Ah, more then that by just compare is thine,
Whose Cristall lookes the cloudy heauens doe cleare;

How oft haue I descending Thus seenne,
His burning locks couch in the sea-Queenes lap,
And beauteous Theseus his red bodie wrap,
In watry robes, as he her Lord had beeone?

When as my Nymphe impatient of the night,
Bade bright Ares with his traine giue place,
Whiles she led forth the day with her faire face,
And lent each flaire a more then Dalias light;

Not Ione or nature (should they both agree,
To make a woman of the firmament,
Of his mixt puritie) could not issue out
A skieborne forme so beautifull as shee.

When Melicertus had ended this roundelay in prayse of his Mistris, Samela peresized by his description, that either some better Poet then himselfe had made it, or else that his former phras was dissembled: whereupon to try him throughly, & to see what snake lay his vnder the grasse, she followed the chace in this manner. Melicertus, might not a stranger craue your Mistris name? At this the Orpheard blust, and made no reply. Now now, quoth Samela, what is this to meane that you shame, or so high that you feare to bewray the soueraigne of your thoughts? And not in doubt man: for bee shre base, I read that mightie Timberlaine after his wise X-nocrate (the worlds faire eye) passed out of the thea-
tre of this mortall life, he chose stigmatical Ecclis to please

Greene's Arcadia.

his humorous fancies. Be this a Princesse, honour hangs in high desrees, and it is the token of a high minde to benter for a Quenes : then gentle sheheard tell me thy mistris name. Melicertus, hearing his Goodesse speake so auozably, heaved out this sodains reply. To high Samela, and threfore I feare with the Syrian Molties to backe agaist the Spone, or with them of Scyrum, to throte against the Sarcas in the height of my thoughts soaring too high, to fail with wofull repenting Icarus : No swmer did minde eye glance upon her beautie , but as if loue and fate had fale to forge my fatal disquiet, they trapt me within her looks , and haling her Idee through the passage of my sight , placed it so deply in the center of my heart , as manger all my studious endeuor it still and ever will keepe restlesse possession : Noting her vertues, her beauties, her perfections, her excellency, and saue of her too high borne parentage, though painefullly scatterd, yet haue I still feared to dare so hauy an attempt to so haue a personage : lest the offensiuue at my presumption, I perish in the height of my thoughts. This conclusion broken with an abrupt passion, could not so satisfie Samela, but she would be further inquisition. At last, after many questi- ons, he answered thus: Seing, Samela , I consume my selfe, and displease you , to hazard for the salve that may cure my maladie, and satisfie your question , know it is the beauteous Samela. Be there more of that name in Arcadic , beside my selfe, qd. she? I know not, said Melicertus, but were there a million, only you are Melicertus Samela : for loue hath put one arrow of desire in his quiner, but one string to his bow, and in choice but one ayme of affection. Haue ye alreadie, said Melicertus, set your ress vpon some higher Personage? No, said Samela , I meane by your selfe , for I haue heard that your fancies is linked alredy to a beautiful Sheperdesse in Arcadic. At this the poore Swaine taintid his cheeks with a vermillion die, yet thinking to carry out the matter with a iest, he stood to his tackling thus : whosoever, Samela, descended of that loue, told you a Cancerburie Tale, some pro- pheticall

Greenes Arcadia.)

pheticall full mouth, that as hee were a Coblers eldest son, would by the Lass, tell where anothers shewyngs, but his sweterly ay me was iust lenell, in thinking every louke was loue, or every faire word a palme of loyalty. Then said Samela, taking him at a rebound, Neither may I thinke your glances to be fancies, nor your greatest protestation any assurance of depe affection: therefore ceasing off to count any further at this time, thinke you haue proued your selfe too tall a soldier to continu so long at battery, and that I am a faynsurable fos that haue continued so long at party: but I charge you by the loue you owe your dairell misris; not to say any more as touching loue at this time. If Samela, said he, thou hadst imagined me as loun did to Hercules, most dangerous labours, I wold haue discovered my loue by obedience, and my affection by death: yet let me craue this, that as I began with a Sonnet, so I may end with a Madrigall. Content, Melicerius, quoth she, for none more then I loue much. Upon this reply the Shepheare prouide, followed with this ditty.

Melicerius Madrigall.

What are my sheepe without their wanted foode?
What is my life except I gaine my loue?
My sheepe consume and faint for want of blood,
My life is lost valesse I grace approue.
No flower that laplesse thrives,
No Turtle without pheare.
The day without the Sunne, doth lowre for woe,
Then woe mine eyes, valesse thy beaury see
My Sunnes Samela eyes, by whom I know
Wherein delight consistis where pleasure abē.
Nought more the heart revives
Then to embrace his deare,
The flares from earthly humors geise their light,
Our humors by their light possesse their power:
Samela eyefed by my weeping sight,
Infudges my paines or ivy you by smile o glowre.

Greenes Arcadia.

So wends the source of loue,
It seedes, it sailes, it ends.
Kind lookes cleare to your loy, behold her eyes;
Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses;
In them the heauen of ioy and solacelies:
Without them eu'rie hope his succour misses.
Oh how I loue so proue,
Whereto this solace tends.

Hearre had the shepheard ended this madrigall, but Samela began to straine, saying he had broken promise. Melicerius alleigned, if he had uttered any passion, it was sung, not said. Thus these lovers, in a humorously discontent of their prattle, espied a far off glorie Lamedon and Meaphon comming towards them: whereupon halting in conceit, and prattling with interchanged glances, Melicerius stole to his sheep, and Samela sat her downe making of nets to catch flies. At last, Lamedon and his doosome came, & after many gracious looks, and much godly parly, helpt her hounes with her sheep, & put them in the folds: but leaning these amorous shepherds busie in their loues, let vs returne at length to the pretty babie Samelas childe, whom Mensphoo had put to morte in the country. This infant being by nature beautiful, and by birth noble, even in his cradle exprest to the eyes of the gazers, such glazious presages of his approaching fortunes, as if another Alciades (the arm-strong bawling of the bouldred night) by wresteling with snakes in his swabbling clovites, should prophete to the world the approaching wonders of his prowelße: so did his fiery looks reflect terror to the weak beholders of his ingratious nobilitie, as if some God twicē-borne, like to the Thracian Bacchus, sustaing his heaven-borne deitie, should delude our eyes with the alternate form of his infancie. Five yeres had full run their monthly revolution, when as this beautious boy began to shew himselfe among the shepherds children, with whom he had no sooner contracted familiar acquaintance, but Grate he was chosen Lord of the spay-game, King of their spoyle, & Ring-leader

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leader to their renewall; insomuch that his fader mother holding him by channes, mounted in his kingly Majestie, and imitating honourable Justice in his gamefours exercise of discipline, with teares of joye take by these propheticall termes: we do Ise, where Od and Fates hath boord felicitie, no aduerse fortune may expell prosperity. Pleusidippus thou art young, thy lokes high, and thy thoughts haute, soueraignety is seated in thine eies, & honor in thy hart: I feare, this fire will haue his flame, and then am I bidone in the am want my country life (swedes country life) in thy ymoude sooring hopes, dispolted and disraled of the dignified array of his armes, must returne russet wades to the solds where I left my feares, & haste to the court of my hell, there to innew me with my wonted care: how now Samel, wilt thou be a Sybill of mishaps to thy selfe? The angry heauens that haue storniz'd thy syde, haue establisht thy content in Arcady, my content in Arcady, that we may be no longer then my Pleusidippus dales in Arcady, which I haue cause to feare: for the whelpes of the Lyon are no longer harmelesse then when they are whelpes, and babes are no longer to be awed then while they are babes: I, but nature: & therewith she paused, being interrupted by a tumult of boyes, that by yong Pleusidippus command fell vpon one of their fellowes, and beat him most cruelly for playing false play at mine holes: which she espying through the lattice windowe could not shuse but smile above measure: but when she saw him in his childish fearnes condemnes one to death, for despising the authoritie bequeathed him by the rest of the boyes, therill she besought her of the Persian Cyrus, that deposed his Grandfather Attyages, whose bē it was, at like age to institute maiestie in like manner. In this distractiōn of thoughts she had not long time stayed, but Lamedon and Metaphon called her away to accompany them to the solds, whiles Pleusidippus hasten to the execution of Justice, dismissed of his boylg session till their next meeting: wheres how imporenly hee behaued himselfe in punishing misachers amongst his equalls, in bring more then iesting iustice

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wards his untaught complices, I referre it to the Authoris of the Arcadiane that dilate not a little of this ingenious argument. In this last vid Pleusidippus draw forth his infancie, till on a time walking to the shoare, where he with his mother were waucht, to gather Cockie and pebble stones, as children are wont: there arrived on the strand a Thessalian Pirate named Eutiochus, who after he had foraged in the Arcadiane confines, driving before him a large boote of kealls to his shipp, espied this pretty infant, when gazing on his face, as wanton loue gazed on Phrygian Ganime de in the fields of Ida, he exhaled into his eyes such depps impression of his perfection, as that his thought never thirked so much after any prey, as this pretty Pleusidippus possession: But determining first to assay him by curtesie, before he assailed him with rigour, he began to try his wit after this manner. My little child, whence art thou, wherewert thou borne, what is thy name, and wherefore wanderest thou thus all alone on the shoare? I pray ye what are ye sir, quoth Pleusidippus, that deale thus with me by interrogatories, as if I were some run-away? Well then not tell me then who was thy father? said he, Good sir, if ye will needs knowe, goe aside that of my mother. He hath said well, my Lord, quoth Romanio, who was one of his speciall associates, for wise are the children in these dayes that knowe their owne fathers, especially if they be begotten in dog-dayes, when their mothers are frantickle loue, & yong men surious for lust. Besides, who knowes not that these Arcadians are given to take the benefit of every Hodges, when they will sacrifice their virginitie to Venus, though they haue but a bush of nettles for their bed? and sure this boy is but some forþeards bastard at the most, how souer this wanton face importeth more then appearance. Pleusidippus eyes at this speech reslained into fire, and his face in purple with a moore then common courage in childeyn of his yeres and stature, gaue him theye roundly in this reply: Desant, the bastard in thy face, for I am a Gentleman; were thou a man in courage, as thou art a coone in

propos-

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proportion, thou wouldest never haue so much impaired thy
honesty, as to derogate from my hono[ur]. Look not in my face,
but leuel at my heart by this that thou seest: & therwith he let
vaine at him with such pebble stones as he had in his hat, in
somuch that Romonio was driven to his h[ea]des, to shunne
this sudden haileshot, and Eurilochus resolued into laugh-
ter, and in termes of admiration most highly extolled so ex-
ceding magnanimitie in so little a bodie: which how avail-
able it proued, to the confirmation of his fancie that was
before inflamed with his features, let them imagine that
hauis noted the invincibilitie of that age, and the unres-
isted furie of men at Armes. Sufficeth at this instant to
unfold (all other circumstances of praise laid apart): that Eu-
rilochus being far in loue with his extraordinary lineaments
awaited no farther party, but willed his men persone, to
hople him a ship-boord, intending as soone as euer he arrived
in Thessalia, by sending him to the Court as a present, to
make peace with his Lord & Master Agenor, who not long
before had proclaimed him as a notorious Pirat throughout
all his dominions. Neither swarued hee one whit from
his purpose: so no sooner had he cast anker in the port of He-
drianopolis, but he arrated him in choyse silkes, and Tyrian
purple, and so sent him as a prize to the king of that Coun-
try: who walking as then in his Sunniergearden, with his
Queene the beautefull Eribilia, fell to discouer (as one wel
sane in Philosophie) of Herbs and flowers, as the fauour
of colour did occasion: and hauing spent some time in dis-
puting their medicinable properties, his Lady reching him
a Marigold, he began to moralize of it thus merrily: I mar-
uell the Poets that woulde prodigall in painting the amo-
rous affection of the sun to his Hiaacinth, did never obserue
the relation of loue twixt him and the Marigold: it shoulde
seeme ryther they were loth to incurre the displeasure of
women, by propounding in the way of comparison any ser-
uile imitation for head-strong wines, that loue no precept
lesse then those pertaining unto dutie; or that the flower
not so vsuall in their gardens as ours, in her vnacquainted
name,

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name, did obscure the honour of her amours to Apollo, to whose motions reducing the method of her springing, she waketh and sleepeth, openeth and shutteth her golden leaves as he riseth and setteth. Well did you soze-stall my exception, quoth Eribilis, in terming it a servile imitation: soz were the condition of a wife so slavish, as your similitude would inferre, I had as liefe be your page as your spouse, your dog as your darling. Not so, sweet wife, answered Agenor, but the comparison holdeth in this, that as the Marigold resembleth the Sun bath in colour and forme, so each mans wife ought every way to be h' image of her husband, framing her countenance to smile, when shee has him dispesed to mirth, and contrarywise her eyes to teares, bee being surcharged with melancholy: As the Marigold displayeth the orient ornaments of her beautie, and to the resplendent view of none but her louer Hyperion: so ought not a woman of modestie lay open the allurements of her face to any but her espoused Phere, in whose absence, like the Marigold in the absence of the Sunne, she ought to shut vp her dores, and solemnize continual night, til her husband, her Sun making a happy returne, unsealeth her silence with the toy of his sight. Welcom mee, but if all flowers (quoth Eribilis) afford such influence of eloquence to our aduise Doctoz, Ile exempt them all from my smell, soz scarce they be all planted to poison. Oft have I heard (replied Agenor) our cunning physicians conclude, that one poison is harmesse to another, which if they be so, there is no cause why a thistle should scarce to be stung of a Mistle. I can tell you sir, you were best beware, less in wading too farre in comparisons of mistles and mistles, you exchange not your Rose for a Mistle. If I doe quoth Agenor, it is no more, but my gardener shall plucke it vp by the roots, and throw it over the wall as a wa'd. To end thisies, whch else would issue to a farre, what purple flower is this in forme like a Hiacinth (quoth Eribilis) so cunningly dropped with blood, as if nature had intermeddled with the Heralds art to emblazon a bleeding heart? It is the flower, into which Poets saigne,

Venus

Venus caused Adonis to bee turned a faire Boy, but
yettin infotunate. Will it possible (quoth Eriphile) that
ever nature shoulde be so bounteous to a Boy, to give him
a face in despite of women? for saine would I see such an
object, and then would I dese beautie for; imparting your ex-
cellencie to any inferiour object. In saying their wordes, (as
if fortune meant to present her fancie with her desired felici-
tie) Romano conducted by one of the Nymphes, came with
young Pleusidippus in his hand into the princi Garden:
where discouering unto the King the intent of Eurilochus,
in presenting him with such an inestimable Jewel, the man-
ner of his taking of the Crown of Arcadic, with other cir-
cumstances of vowed allegiance: all which being graciefully
accepted of Agenor, hee sealed their severall pardons,
and gave them leave to depart. But when hee had thor-
owly obserued eueris perfection of young Pleusidippus, he
burst into these termes of passion: Had soe-home Portia
then an applicable care in sevilenesse, that to tellle her
eternall Deity, she should send her a second Adonis, to delude
our senses & what ever may deserve the name, faire haue I
fancie before, beautie haue I beheld in his brightnesse, but
never set eye on immortallitie before this houre. Eriphile,
likewise in no lessentaste, seeing her spes to gaze with the
reuers of his beautie, and her childe fainted with a blissh of
disgrace by too much gazing on his face, said: that either
the Sunne had left his booke to beguile their eyes with a bor-
rowed shape (which could not keepe in his brightness,) or
Cupid dismounted from his mothers lap, left his bowe & quie-
tre at canbourn, to outbaze the Theffalonian Dames in their
beautie. In this contrariety of thoughts, being all plunged
wel-nigh in a spechlesse astonishment, the faire childe Pleu-
sidippus, not used to such hyperbolical spectators, broke off
the silense, by calling for his victuals, as one whose empty
Stomach since his comming from sea, was not over-cloped
with delicacies. Wherat Agenor, ruined from his frunce,
wherein the present wonder had invapt him, demanded
such questiones of his name and parentage, as the Wyzards

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ignorance could not infalfe : but hit being able to tell me more then this, that his mother was a Shephearde, and his owne name, Pleusidippus, cut off all other interrogatories, by calling after his childeish manner againe, for his dinner. Whereupon, Agenor, commanding him to bee had in, and bled in every respect as the childe of a Prince, began in his solitaires walke by his countenance to calculate his faculties, and measure his birth by his heantie, contracting him in thought, heire to the Kingdome of Thessaly, and husband to his daughter, before he knew whence the childe descended, or who was his father.

But leauing yong Pleusidippus, thus spending his youth in the Thessalian Court, protected with the tender affection of such a courteous Foster-father as Agenor, returne wee where wee left, backe into Arcadic, and meeete his mother the faire Samela returning from the Foldes : who having discoursed by the way as shee came home to Lamedon and Menaphod, what shee late saw and obserued in her Sonne, they both conioyned their iudgements to their conclusion, that he was doubtlesse boyno to some greater fortunes then sheepcotes could containe, and therefore it behoued her to further his Deltinnes with some good and liberal education, and not to detaine him any longer in that trade of life, which his fortune withstande : but by the way, to rebuke him for tyrranizing so Lordy over the Woxes, lest the neighbour Shepheards might haply intrude the name of iniurie on them being strangers ; for his insulting over their children. With this determination came shee home, and calling for Pleusidippus, according to their former counsaile, he would ~~no~~ wife her found. Whereupon enquierie was made among all the Shepheards, diligent search in euery Village, but stil the most carfull Post returned with, *Nos est invenimus*. Which Samela hearing, thinkeing shee had utterly lost hym whom fortune had saued, began in this manner to act her unrest : Dissembling Heauen, where is your happiness ? Unconstant times, what are your triumphes ? Vaus you therelasse hitherto sed mee with

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with bowis, that ye might at last poison me with gall. Haue you fattert me so long with Sardonian smiles, that like the wachis of the Syrens, I might perish in your wiles? Curse that I was to affe in your courtelencys that I am to talke of your crueltie! O, Pleusidippus, lynes thou, or art thou dead? No, thou art dead, dead to the world, dead to thy kin-folkes, dead to Cypres, dead to Arcadic, dead to thy mother Samela: and with thee dyes the worlds wonder, thy kin-folkes comfort, Cypreas soule, Arcadias hopes, thy mothers honors. Was this the prophecy of thy Soueraignty, to yield vp thy life to death so durstly? Wretched was I of all women, to bring the forth to this infancie.

O exult! The mis, that didde revolve such unenitiable fate: hard-hearted heath to prosecute me with such hate. Haue we therefore escaptis the furie of the seas, to perish on the land: was it not enough that we were exiled from higher prosperite, but we must all of us suddenly be overwhelmed with the overflow of a second at verterie: my husband & my father to be swallowed in the fury of the surge, and no man thou to be (and therewith her eyes distilled such a boundance of teares, as stopt the passage of her plaints, & made her seem a more then second Niobe, bewailing her senyonold sorrows under the forme of weeping flint.) Menaphon, who had over-heard her all this while, as one that sought opportunity to plead his interest, perceiving her in that extremitis of agony for her soumes supposed losse, stopt to her presently and charred her boord the lattermeas faire theyheresse, might y teares of contrition rayse the dead frō destruction, then were it wisdom to bewaile what weeping might recall: but since such anguish is fruitlesse, and these plainings batlesse, comfort your selfe with the hope of the living, and omit the teares so the dead. Why, quoth Samela, how is it possible a woman shoulde lose him without griefe, whom she hath concerned with sorrowe he has, sweete Menaphon, the deuided halse of my essence, soule to my joyes, and life to my delights, as beauteous in his birth, as is our bright bow-hearing god, that playes the Shepheard awhile so lone, amidst

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our pleasant Arcadian boweres. What ever he was in beautie, quoth Menaphon, proceeded from your bountie, whose may by marriage make his like when you please: therefore there is no cause, why you shoule so much grieve to see your first wifes deface, that of a new mold can former far better than euer he was. Menaphon, were more vaine his like proceede from my formes: I tell this, he made the Chamber bright with his beautie when he was borne, and checkt the night with the golden raves that gleamed from his looke: wherefore may I be the mother of such a son. says Sancha (quoth the wretched Shepheraid) thinke not but if thou doest list to my lones, I will enrich the world with increase and ever her towes. Alas, poore Sancha, said she, that hopest in vain, since another must reape what thou hast sowne, and gather into his barnes, what thou hast scattered in the furrow. Another rapse what y have sowne? Wherewith her scratche her yeas wilete hechches, and letting his eya, he would not tell whiche way, in a hole Russian shew he uttered these words of fury: Governor of Greecia, vespere thou my lone with this faultis ingratefullnesse? hence I therefore with my pichetis supplies the towtes, that than with thy pride shouldest yonre impoertray yre leydnes the vnblessesse, it wound me in thy welfare with vnsafer deceitful woman: fane therewith he stote a hollow nail, by Pash the god of the Shepheraid didde returne as lowe for lowe, as he didd turne this forth of boxes to scrap up thy eternall shewes thou earthly, and make thy pitties for thy poweresse, that evrywhyle spent honored in every mans eye through thy superfluousnes of thy beautie. Behike then, quoth Sancha, when you entertaine me into your house, youd be not in regard of the lackes of hospitalitie, but only in my this policy to quench the flamer of your fantele: then say, I have misgivings yong beneffice and am lette troublid to your courtieres: say I thought vnsafely, said Menaphon, when youe straggling up at our last meeting, would bee passing throughout every corner of our company, that you had a ponefuchy a kinde diffidit: but if you will nysse bee starting, Nochtynge youll reafer. It was,

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warrant you: then see which of our beardless yongsters wil take you in, when I have cast you forth. Those said the, that out-countenance Menaphon and his poole, & are better able then your selfe: but howsooner I find their fauour, I henceforth desse you and your fellowship. And therewith in great rage she flung alay into the next chamber, where her uncl Lamedon lay sleeping, who complaining of Menaphons discourtesies, he brat inuented this remedie: There was a Shepheard called Moron (brother to Doreo) that not long before dyed of a surfeit, whose house and flocke being set to sale after his decease, he bought them both soorthwith for Samela, with certaine remainder of money he had, and therein enfeoffed her, mangres the furie of Menaphon, who when he saw she was able to support her state without his purse, became sick for anger, and spent whole Eglogues in anguish. Sometime lying comfittles in his bed, he moan complain him to the windes, of his woes, in these: such like boundes; Forlorn, and forsooke, since whiche both loshe thicke despayre be thy death, lone is a god, and despiseth thee a man: fortune blinde, and cannot behalp thy aduersitie: die, die, sond Menaphon, that ungratefullly hast abandoned thy Mistresse. And therewith stretcheth himselfe upon his bed, as thinking to haue slept, but was restrained by care that ouled all rest from his eyes: whereupon taking his pipe in his hand, smot playing and singeing he psained hym thus:

Menaphon's Song in his bed.

Your restlesse cares, companions of the night,
That wrapt my ioyes in folds of endless woes:
Tyre on my heart, and wound it with your spight,
Since I queard fortune proues my aquill foes:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies,
Welcome, sweete griefe, the subiect of my lases.
Mourne heauens, mourne earth, your Shepheard is forlorne;
Mourne times, and houres, since bale invades by bowre,
Curse every tongue, the place where I was borne,
Curse every thought, the life which makes me lowre.

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Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies,
Welcome, sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

Was I not free? was I not fancies syme?
Framde not desire my face to front disdaine?
I was; she did: but now one silly malme
Makes me to droope, as he whom loue hath flaine?

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy dayes,
Welcome, sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

Yet drooping, and yet living to this death,
I sigh, I lie for pittie at her shrine:
Whose fierie eies exhale my vitall breath;
And make my flockes with parching heat to pine.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy dayes,
Welcome, sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

Fade they, die I, long may she live to blisse,
That feeds a wanton fire with fuel of her forme:
And makes perpetual summer where shes,
Whiles I doe cry, ore-tooke with enules forme.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy dayes,
Welcome, sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

No sooner had Menaphion entered this Wittie, but Pesana
hearing that he was lately faine sick, and that Sumela and
he were at mortall partes, thinking to make hay while the
sunne shined, and take opportunity by her saylors; com-
ming into his chamber, under pretence to visit him, fell into
these termes: Why, how now, Menaphion, hath your new
change driven you to a night-cap? Welcome me, this is the
strangest effect of loue that euer I saw, to frize so quickly
the heart y is set on fire so lately. Why, may it not be a bur-
ning feuer aswell, quoth Menaphion, blushing? Nay, that can
not bee, said Pesana, Once you shake for colde, not sweate for
heat. Why, if it be so, it is long of cold entertainment. Why,
said Pesana, hath your hote entertainment ruled your cou-
rage?

No, but her undeserved hate quite hindred my conquest.
You know, said Pesana, where you might have been let
in

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in longers this; without either affrontes any such batterie.
With this the Shepheard was gone, and Pesana ashamed :
but at length regathering his spirite, to bewray his spar-
tydome, and make his old spittre come new musike, hee
strained forth this Dittie.

Faire fields proud Flora's vaunt, Why i' st you smile
and trist? why i' st you when as I languish? to alas? to
You golden meads, why drivne you to beguile
my weeping anguish?

I live to sorrow, you to pleasure spring,
why do you spring thus?

What will not *Boreas* tempests wrathfull King
take some paine on vs?

And send forth winter in rubie weed, to wale my bemoanings;

Whiles I distrest doe tune my Countrey land
vnto my gosings.

But heauen, and earth, time, place, and every power,
haue with her conspired,

To turne my blisfull sweet to balefull sowre,
since I sond desired.

The heauen, whereto my thoughts may not aspire,
sey me unhappy;

It was my fault e'imbrace my bane the fire,
that forceth me to dye.

Mine be my paine, but hers the cruell cause
of this strange torment :

Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,
till proud she repent:

Well I perceive, said Pesana, soz all shee hath let you fys
like a Hawke that hath lost her tyre, yet you meane to fol-
low suite and service, though you get but a handful of smoke
to the bargaine. Not so, said Menaphon, but perhaps I feke
to returne an il bargaine, as deare as I bought it. If you do
so, you are wiser then this hercher sheweth you, said Pesa-
na. Much idle prattle to this end had Menaphon with Pe-
sana in his sickness; and long it was not, but that with
god

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gods wpt into warlike druthis, (more especially by her carefull attendance) he began to prouide up his armes, and fitten up little and little to the land he latee leyned. Leane me them to their equall deales, and furnishing either of others societie, and let vs looke backe to Thessalia; wheres Samoelae strippling (now growne vp to the age of 16. yeres) shewit in hono; & feats of Armes above all the Knights of the Court, insomuch, that the reue of his name, was the only newes talke throughout eny Colynie in Grecce. But Olympia, the mistris of his pswells, (for he was the Kings daughter named) was she that most of all exaulted in the farte renowned reports of his martiall perfections, to whose prayse her bish consercate all his aduentures; to whose exquisite forme he did dedicate all his aduentures. But Hel-boorne fame, the eldest daughter of Eryonis, enuying the felicitie of these two famous louers, dismounted effoures from her brasie-sounding buildings, and unburdened her selfe of her secrets in the presence of young Pleusidippus, among whose Catalogue she had not forgot to discouer the incomparable beauty of the Arcadian Shepheare belle, whereof the young Prince no soner had received an intelling, but his blood upon thornes till he had satisfied his desire with her sight. Thereofore on a time sitting with his spiffris at supper, when so; table-talke it was debated amongst them, what Countrey had the most accomplished Damas for all things: after strangers and others had delivred vp their opinions without partialitie, one among them all, who had biens in Arcadic, gave vp his verdit thus dearely: Gentlewoman (quoth hee) bee it no disgrace for the Spone to keape to the sunne, for the Stars to gins place when Titan appears: then I hope neyther the Thessalianes will bee moued, nor the Grecians agrued, if I make Apollos Arcadic, beauties meridian: Neither will I proceed herein as one Philosophical Poet, or mount, that muske e every moneth in the Zodincks, every fixed Starre in the Firmament, every elementall word of art in an Almanacke, to prove that Countrey for beautis most canonically wheres their spiffris abideth: wheras (God wot) had they but

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but learned of Apelles, *No Snow vnto a rapidow*, they would
not haue aspired aboue their birth, as talked beyond their
swotterly bringing vp. Our Arcadian Nymphs are faire and
beautifull, though not begotten of the Sunnes bright rayes,
whose eyes haue loues at mooy to the biew, whose angelic
cal faces are to the obscure earth in shewe offrament: biew
but this counterfait, (and therewithal he shewed the picture
of Samela) and sith it be not of force to draine the Sunne from
his Sphere, or the Spone from her Circle, to gaze as the one
did on the beautie of Daphne, or at night contemplate as the
other on the forme of Eudymon. Pleusidippus, who all this
while heard his Tale with attente paffence, no sooner beh
eld the radiant glorie of this resplendant face, but as a man
already installed in eternitie, hee exclam'd thus abruptly:
O Arcady, Arcady, storehouses of nymphs, e nursery of be
autie! At which wordes Olympia startynge vp sdainly, as if she
a second Juno, had taken her loue in bed with Alcmenes; and
ouercalling the Chamber with a stroake that was able to
mantle the world with an eternall night, so made passage
to her choler in these termes of contempt: Beardlesse vpstart
of I know not whence, haue the fauors of my bountie (not
thy desert) entred thes so deprivy in ouer-hoening presump
tion, that thou shouldest be the formoll in derogation of our
dignity & blaspheming of my beauty? I tell thee miscreant, I
scorne thy clownish Arcadic with his inferior comparissons,
as one that prizeth her perfection aboue any created consti
tution. Pleusidippus, vpon this speach stod plunged in a
great perplexite, wherether he shold excuse himselfe mildly,
or take her vp roundly: but the latter haing more leuell to
his humour then the former, he began thus to rowze vp his
furie: Disbainfull dame, that vppraidest me with my birth
as it were base, and my youth as it were boyish: know that
though my Parents and Progeny are enuyed by obscurtie,
yet the sparkes of renowne that make my Eagle-minded
thoughts to mount the heavenlyre imprisioned in the pan
nicles of my crest, inciting me to more deeds of honour, then
that Perseus effected with his fauchon in the fields of Heli
ogia,

perle, ascertaines my soule I was the son of no coward, but a gentleman; but still my treachery of paréage, is such an offence to thy choy, hold, take thy fauour (and therewith he threw her gloue) and immortalize whome thou wolt with thy toyes, so I will to Arcadie in spite of this, and thy affinitio, therer either to take out mischance, or a new Mistresse.

With this, in a great rage he rose from the board, & would have mounted himselfe to depart in that mood, had not the Lords & gentlemen there present dissuaded him from such an unadvised enterprise. Neither was this unkindnesse kept so secret, but it came to the Kings eare, as hee was now risen from dinner, who in the loue he bare to Pleusidippus, whom he had honored with knighthood not long before, and for the towardes hopes he saw in hym, took paines to go to the chamber where they were, finding his daughter in strange manner perplexed with the thoughts of Pleusidippus departure, her eyes red, and her cheeks all to be blubberd with her jealous teares, he took her vp in this maner. Daughter, I thought I had chose such a one to be the object of your eye, as ye might haue euery way loued and honored as the Lord of your life, and not haue controllled as the slave of your lust. Did I therefore grace him with my countenance, & you shold distaine him with your taunts? Wherewith gyre, I advise thee on my displeasure, eyther reconcile thy selfe betimes, and reforme thy unmerciful termes, or I will disclaime the loue of a Father, and deal by thy no more as a daughter. Olympia, who already had sufficiently bitten on þy bzdile, took these words more unkindly then all her former bitterness, which shee dissembled but sowlily: neverthelesse making necessarie the present times best policie, shee humbled her selfe as shee might with modestie, and desired the best interpretation of what was past. Pleusidippus, whose courteous inclination could not withstand this submission, in signe of reconciliation, gaue her a *secondo des labies*: yet was he not so reconciled, but he kept on his purpose of going to Arcadie, wherat Olympia (though she grudged inwardly, yet being loth to offend) held her peace, and determined to bestow upon him

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him a remembrance, wherby he might be brought to thinke on her in his absence, which was the device of a bleeding heart floting in the sea waves, curiously stamped in Gold, with this wriete about it: *portum aut mortem*, alluding as it seemed, to the device in his shield, wherein (because it was taken vp by Eurilochus on the shore) was cunningly drawn in a field argen, the sea waues with Venus sitting on the top, in token that his affection was alreadie settred. Here hold this (said she) my sweet Pleusidippus, and hang it about thy necke, that when thou art in Arcadic, it may be euer in thy eye, so shall these drops of ruth that paint out a painful tenth with thy fancies be attracting strange beautie: which said, the teares gush from her eyes, and Agenors likewise, who gaue him nothing so much in charge, as to make hast of his retorne. Pleusidippus, though hee could haue bin content to haue done the like for compaines, yet hee had such a mind on his iourney, that he brake off such ceremonies, and hasted a shipboard, & in a Warke bound for Arcadic, having the wind favorable, made a shott cut: so as in a day and nights sailing, he arrived on the shore ioyning on the Promontoriz wheres he, his mother, and Lamedon were first warched.

Leaue we him wandzing with some fewe of his traine that came with him along the sea-sides, to scke out some Towne or vilage wheres to refresh themselves, and let vs a while to the Court of Democles, where our Historie began: who hauing committed his daughter with her tender babe, her husband Maximinus and Lamedon his uncles, without care or Mariner, to the fury of the merciless waues, determined to leavē the succession of his kingdome to uncertaine chance: for his Q. with Sephestiac losse (whom he deuided to bee dead) tooke such thought, that within shott time after she died, Democles as careles of all weathers, spent his time Epicure-like in all kind of pleasures, that either art or expence might afford, so as for his dissolute life hee seemed another Heligabulus, deriving his securite from that grounded tranquilitie, which made it prouerbiall to the world, *No heuen but Arcadia*. Hauing spent many yéeres in this varietie of ba-

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nittis. Same determining to apply her selfe to his fancies, sounded in his eare the singular beautie of his daughter Samela: he although she were an old Colt, yet had not cast all his wanton teeth, which made him vnder the brute of being Duke of a grievous Apoplytie, steale from his Court secretly in the disguise of a Shepheard, to come and seke out Samela, who not a little prond of her new flocke, lived more contented then if she had bereue Quene of Arcadie, and Melicer-tus toying not a little that shes was parted from Menaphon, vsed every day to visite her without dread, and court her in such Shepheards termes as she had, which how they pleased her, I leauen to you to imagine, whon as not long after she bowed marriage to him solemnely in presence of all the Shepheards, but not to be solemnized till the propheticie was fulfilled, mentioned in the beginning of this Historie. Al- though this penance exceeded the limits of his patience, yet hoping that the Oracle was not uttered in vaine, and might as well (albeit he knew not which way) be accomplished in him as in any other, was contented to make a vertue of necessitie, and await the vtmost of his destinie. But Pleus-dippus, who by this time had perfected his politis, exchang ing his garments with one of the Heardgrantes of Menaphon, tracing ouer the plaines in the habite of a Shepheard, chanced to meet with Democles as hee was new come into those quarters, whom mistaking for an old Shepheard, he began many impertinent questions belonging to the Shep-ecotes; at last hee asked him if hee knew Samelas Sheptold: who answering doubtfully to all alike, made him haile angry: and had not Samela passed by at that instant, to fill her bottle at a spring neare the foot of the Promontory, he should like enough haue had first handesel of our new Shepheards Shephooke. But the wonder of her beautie so wrought with his wounded fancies, that he thought report a partial sy- pander of her prayses, and came to hale to talke of such formes. Samela espying this faire Shepheard so faire ouergone in his gazing, slept to him, and asked him if he knew her that he so auerlookt her. Pardon me, faire Shephearde (said Pleus-dippus,

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dippus) If it be a fault, for I cannot elspe being Eagle-sighted, but gaze on the swanne the first time I see it. And truly I cannot chuse but compare you to one of Abors Apes, that finding a Cloke-worme in the night, take it for a fire: and you seeing a face full of deformities, mistake it for the Sun. Indeed it may be mine spes made opposite to such an object may falle in their office, having their lights rebated by such brightness. Nay, not unlike, quoth Samela, for else out of doubt you would see yong way better. Whyp, quoth Pleusidippus, I cannot goe out of the way, bides I maste such glistering Goddesses in my way. Holow now say Paris, are you out of your Arithmeticker? I thinks you have lost your wits with your eyes, that mistake Arcadie for Ida, and a Shepherdesse for a Goddess. Holow ever it please you (quoth Pleusidippus) to derogate from my prawesse by the title of Paris, know that I am not so farre out of my Arithmetiche, but that by multiplication I can make two of one, in an houres warning, or bee as god as a cipher to fill vp a place at the worlē hand: for my wit sufficeth, be it never so simple, to proue both *re* and *vace*, that there can be no *vacuum* in *natura*: and mine eyes, or else they deceave me, will enter so farre in art, as *niger est conseruare albo*, and teach me how to discerne twixt blache and white.

Much other circumstance of prattle passed betweene them, whiche the Arcadian records doe not shew, nor I remember: sufficeth, he pleaded loue, and was repulst: which drove him into such a cholet, that meeting his supposed Shepheard, who lying vnder a bush had al this while auer-heard them, he entred into such termes of indignation, as loue shaking his earth-quaking hayre, when he sat in consultation of Licaon. Wherefore Democles perceiving Pleusidippus repulst, who was every way graced with the ornaments of nature, beganne to cast ouer his badde pennyp-worthes, in whose face age had furrowed her impinckies, except hee shold lay his Crowne downe at her feete, and tell her, hee was King of Arcadia; which in Common-wealths respects, seeming not commodious, hee thought to turns anew:

Greenes Arcadia.

a new lease, and make this young Shepheard the meane to perfect his purpose. He had not farre from that place a strong Castle, which was inhabited as then by none but Tillmen and Bearegrimes, thither did he perswade Pleusidippus to carry her peresse, and effect that by constraint, that he coulde not achiue by enteidy; who listing not adittie to this countee, that way neuer plotted for his advantage, prefently put in practise what he of late gane in precepts, and waiting till the evening that Samela should sold her shirpe, having given his men the watch-word, manger all the doore heares aboueyng, he monnited her behinde him: and being by Democles directed to the Castle, hee made such hancke among the stubbome Beardsmen, that wyl they kill her, he was Ro: of the Castle. Yet might not this prettie wyl Somelay, who constant to her olde Shepheard, would not enteraine amorous loue: which made Pleusidippus thinke all his garnesse lost in the reaping, and blynd alle his delights with a vouriful spring.

But Democles, that lookt for a mountaine of Gold in a Spolt-hill, finding her alone, beganne to discouer his loue in more ample maner then ever Pleusidippus, telling her how hee was a King, what his reuenewes were, what power hee had to aduert her, with many other prouide vaunts of his wealth, and prodigall termes of his treasure. Samela hearing the name of a King, and perceiving him to be her Father, stood amazed like Medusas Metamorphosis, and blushing out with intermingled sighes, beganne to think how iniurious Fortune was to her shewe in such a incestuous Father: but hee, hot-spurred in his purpose, gave her no time to deliberate or consider of the matter, but required either a quick consent, or present denial. So he tolde her, that the Shepheard Melicetus was alreadie intoll'd in the interest of her beautie, wherefore it was in vaine what hee by any other could plead in the way of persuasion. Then, said hee to her, come we to the field.

Here therupon entring into a large field of the baserne of the Shepheards, and royalties of Kings, with many other assembled

Greenes Arcadia.

ssembled arguments of delight, that would have fetcht Venus from her Sphere to disport: but Samela, whose mouth could digest no other meat than ony her sweet Melicertus, ashamed so long to hold parlor with her father about such a matter, flung away to her withdrawing Chamber in a dissembled rage: and there, after her wonted manner bewailed her misfortune and artzd. And when Democles had
10 Democles plunged thus in a Labyrinth of restless passions, seeing Melicertus figure was so deeply printed in the centre of her thoughts, as neyther the resolution of his fancie, his Metamorphosis from a King to a Leauiler, Crownes, ringes, dognes, possements, (batteries that sone overthrew the fortresse of womens fantasies,) when Democles, I say, saw that none of these could remoue Samela, hearing that the Arcadian Shepheards were in an vproure for the losse of their beautifull Shephaerdeesse, his hote loue changing to a bird of coy disdain, hee intended by some reuenge, eyther to obtaine his loue, or satissfe his hate: whereupon throughly resolved, hee stole away secretly in his shepheards apparell, and got him downe to the platines, where he found all the swaines in a mutinie about the recovery of their beautifull Paragon. Democles stepping amongst the rouite, demanded the cause of their controversie. Marry sir, quoth Doron, bluntly, the flower of all our garland is gone. How meane you that sir, quoth hee? We had, answered Doron, an Ewe amongst our Rams, whose fleece was as white as the bappes that grew on Falber Boreas chyne, or as the dangling dewlap of the bluer Bull, her front curled like to the Erimanthyan Boare, and spanngled like to the worsted stockings of Saturne, her face like Mars treading vpon the milke-white cloudes: believe me, Shepheard, her eyes like the fierie torches tilting against the Moone: This Paragon, this none, such, this Ewe, this spistres of our flockes, was by a wily Fox stolne from our folds, for which thes shepheards assemble themselves to recouer so wealthy a prize. What ishee, quoth Menaphon, that Doron is in such debate with? Fellow, canst thou tell
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ba

Greenes Arcadia.

be my newes of the faire Shepherdesse, that the Knight of
Thessalie hath carried away from her fellow Nymphes. De-
mocles thinking to take opportunity by the sozhead, & see-
ing time had feathered his bolt, willing to assay as he might
to hit the marke, began thus. Shepheards, you se my pro-
fession is your trade, and althoughe my wandring fortunes
bee not like your home-boynes fauours, yet were I in the
Crottes of Thessalian Temper, as I am in the plaines of
Arcadic, the Swaines would give me as many due honours,
as they present you here with submisse conuerence. Beauty
that drew Apollo from heaven to play the Shepheard, that
fetcht love from heaven to bearre the shape of a Bull for A-
genors daughter, the excellencye of such a metaphysicall per-
ture, I mean (shepheards) the fame of your faire Samela, ho-
uering in the sires of every man as a miracl[e] of nature,
brought me from Thessaly to sed mine eyes with Arcadias
wonder: Stepping alonst the th[er]es to come to some shepe-
cate, where my wearie limmes might haue rest. Lone that
so; my labours thought to lead me to fancies pavillion, was
my conduct to a Castle, where a Thessalian Knight lyes in
hold; the Postcullis was let downe, the bridge drawne, the
court of gard kept: thither I went, & so my tongue I was
knowne to be a Thessalian, I was entertained and lodged:
the Knight whose peeres are yong, and valure matchlesse,
holding in his armes a Lady more beautifull then Loues
Ducene, all blubbred with teares, asked me many questions,
which as I might I replied unto: but while he talkt, mine
eye surfeiting with such excellencye, was detained vpon the
glorios shew of such a wonderfull object: I demanded
what she was, of the standers by, and they said she was the
faire Shepheardesse, whom the Knight had taken from the
Swaines of Arcadic; and would carry with h[er] selfe wind that
serued into Thessaly: this (shepheards) I know, and grieue
that thus your loues should be ouermacht with Fortune,
and your affections puld backe by contrarietie of destini.
Melicertus hearing this, the fire sparkling out of his eyes,
began thus, I tell thee, shepheard, if Fates with their fore-
pointing

Grecian Arcadia.

Pointing pensils did pen downe, or fortune with the depps
varietie resolute, or lone with his greatest power determines
to depigne Arcadia of the beautifull Samela, we would with
our bloud signs downe such spels on the plaines, that either
our gods shoule summon her to Elizium, or she rest with us
quiet & fortunatly: thou seest the Shepheards are vp in Armes
to revenge, only it rests who shal haue the hono: and princi-
palite of the field. What needs that question, quoth Menaphon,
am not I the Kings Shepheard, and chiefe of all the
bordering Swaines of Arcadia? I grant, quoth Melicerus,
but am not I a Gentleman, though tyred in a Shepheards
skincote, superior to the in birth, though equall now in pro-
fession? Well, from words they had faine to his wifes, had not
the Shepheards parted them, and for the avoiding of further
troubles, it was agreed that they should in two Eglogges
make description of their lone: and Democles, for he was a
stranger, to sit Censor, and who best could deciper his
Mistres perfection, should be made generall of the rest. Me-
naphon and Melicerus condescended to this motion, and
Democles sitting as a Judge, the rest of the Shepheards stand-
ing as witnesses of this combate, Menaphon began thus.

Menaphons Eglogue.

Too weake the Wit, too slender is the braine,
That meanes to marke the power and worth of done:
Not one that liues (except he hap to prove)
Can tell the sweet, or tell the secret paine.

Yet I that have beene prentice to the griefe,
Like to the cunning Sea-man, from afarre
By gesse will take the beautie of that starre,
Whose influence must yeld me chiefe reliefe.

You Censors of the glory of my deare,
With reverence, and lowly bent of knee:
Attend and marke what her perfections be,
For in my words my fancies shall appearae.

Her lockes are plighted like the fleece of wool,
That Iason with his Grecian mates atchin'de:

Greene's Arcadia.

As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriv'd,
As full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full:
Her browses are prettie tables of cariceit,
Where loue his records of delight doth quote:
On them her dallyng lockes doe daily stote,
As loue full oft dachtele vpon the baire:
Her eyes, faire eyes, liket to the purest lights
That animate the Sunne, or cleere the daie:
In whom the shining Sun-beames brightly plaine,
Whiles fanele doth on them diuins delights.

Her cheeke like ripened Lilles steep't in wine,
Or faire Pomegranate ketels washt in milke:
Or snow-white thredds, in nets of crimson silke,
Or gorgeous cloudes vpon the Sunnes decline:
Her lips like Roser ouerwashed with dew,
Or like the purple of *Natessa* flower:
No frost their faire, no winde doth waste their power,
But by her breath, her beauties doe renew.
Her christall chin like to the purest mold,
Encha'ed with daintie Daisies fast and white:
Where fancies faire Pavillion once is pight,
Whereas imbrac'd his beauties he doth hold.

Her necke like to an Inorie shining Towre,
Where through with azure veines sweet *Nelharunesse*:
Or like the downe of Swannes where *Seneffe* wounes,
Or like delight that doth it selfe deuoure.

Her paps are like faire Apples in the prime,
As round as orient pearlles, as soft as downes:
They never veile their faire through winters frownes,
But from their sweets loue suckt his Summer tyme.

Her bodies beauties best esteemed b'owre,
Delicious comely, daintie, without staine:
The thought whereof (not toucht) hath wrought my paine,
Whose faire, all faire and beauties doth deuoure.

Her maiden wount, the dwelling house of pleasure,
Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder:
O blest is he may bring such beauties vnder,

Or

Grecies Arcadia.

Or search by sute the secrets of that treasure,
Deuour'd in thought, how wanders my doulor?
What rests behind I must diuinie ypon,
Who talkes the belt, can say but fairer none:
Few words well coucht doe most content the wiser.

All you that heare, let not my silly stile
Condemne my zeale: for what my tongue shoule say,
Serues to inforce my thoughts to seeke the way,
Whereby my woes and cares I doe beguile.

Seld speakesthe Loue, but fighes his secret paines,
Teares are his Troue-men, words doe make him tremble:
How sweet is loue to them that can dissemble,
In thoughts and lookees, till they haue reapt the gaines?

A lonely I am plaine, and what I sy
I thinke, yet what I thinke tongue cannot tell:
Sweet Censors, take my silly worl for well:
My faith is firme, though homely be my lay.

After the haplette Menaphon had in this homely discourse
shadowed his heavenly delight, the Shepheard Melicertus,
after some paust, began in this sort.

Melicertus Eglogue.

What need compare, where sweet exceeds compare?
Who drawes his thoughts of loue from fencelesse things,
Their pompe and greatest glorie doth impaire,
And mount Loues heauen with ouer-leaden wings.

Stones, hearbes, and flowers, the foolish spilles of earth,
Flouds, metals, colours, dalliance of the eye:
These shew, conceit is stain'd with too much deirth:
Such abstract fond compares make cunning dye.

But he that hath the feeling taste of loue,
Derives his essence from no earthly joy:
A weake conceit his power cannot approue,
For earthly thoughts are subiect to annoy.

Greene's Arcadia.

Be whist, be still, be silent Crafors now,
My fellow-swainch as told a prettie Tale,
Which moderne Poets may perhaps allow,
Yet I conderme the termes, for they are stale.

Apollo, when my Mistis first was borne,
Cut off his lockes, and lese them on her head,
And said, I plant these wries in Natures scorne,
Whose beauty shall appeare when Time is dead.

From forth the Christall Heauen, when she was made,
The puritie thereof did caint her brow :
On which the glisting Sunne hath longh the shade,
Can set, and there his glories doth auow.

These eyes, faire eyes, too faire to be describde,
Were those that earst the Chaos did reforme :
To whom the heauens their beauties haue ascribde,
That fashion life in man, in beast, in worme.

When first her faire delicious cheeke were wrought,
Aurora brought her blushe, the Moone her white :
Both so combine as passed natures thought,
Compilede those prettie Orbis of sweet delight.

When Loue and Nature once were proude with play,
From both their lips her lips the corall drew :
On them doth fancie sleepe, and euerie day,
Doth swallow ioy, such sweet delights to view.

Whilome, while *Venus* sonne did seeke a bowre,
To sport with *Pisches*, his desired deare,
He chose her chin, and from that happy bovver,
He never stints to glorie to appear.

Desires and ioyes that long had serued Loue,
Behold a hold, whence prettie eyes might woo them :
Loue made her necke, and for their best behoue
Hath shut them there, whence no man can vndoe them.

Once *Venus* dreamt vpon two prettie things,
Her thoughts they were affections chieft nestes :
She suckt and sighde, and batheide her in the springs,
And when she wakte, they were my Mistis breasts.

Once

Greeces Arcadia.

Once Cupid caught a hold to couch his kisstes,
And found the bodie of my best belou'd,
Wherin he closthe beautie of his blisstes,
And from that bowre can never be remou'd:

The Graces east, when Alcedonian springs
Were waxen drie, perhaps did find her fountaine
Within the bale of blisse, where Cupids wings
Doe shield the Nectar fleeting from the mountaine.

No more, fond man things infinite, I see,
Brooke no dimension: hell a foolish speech,
For endlesse things may never talked be:
Then let me live to honour and beseech,

Sweet Natures pompe, if my deficient phrasement
Hath stain'd thy glories by too little skil,
Yeeld pardon, though mine eye that long did gaze,
Hath left no bettes patterne to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detaine
Your listening eares with dalliance of my tongue:
I speake my ioyes, but yet conceale my paine,
My paine too olde, although my yeeres be young.

As soone as Melicertus had ended this Ogligne, they ex-
pected the doome of Democles, who hearing the sweete de-
scription, wherein Melicertus described his Mistris, won-
dered that such rare conceits could bee harboured under a
Shepheards gray clothing: at last hee made this answere:
Arcadian Swaines, whose wealth is content, whose labours
are tempered with sweete issues, whose mindes aspire not,
whose thoughts brooke no enuie, only as rinalts in affecti-
on, you are friendly emulators in honest faire: Seth fox
tane (as enimie to your quiet) hath cost you of your faire
Shepheardesse (the worlds wonder, & Arcadies miracle) and
one of you as champion must lead the rest to revenge; both
desirous to shew your valo: as your forwardnesse in affec-
tion, & yet (as I said) one to be whole chieftaine of the trewe,
I awarde to Melicertus that honour (as to him that hath
most curiously portraied out his Mistris excellency) to

bearre the sole rule and supremacie. At this Menaphon grudged, and Melicerus was in an exaste of ioy, so that gathering all his forces together of stout head-strong clownes amounting to the number of some 200, hee apparelled him selfe in armes, colour sables, as mourning for his Mistres: in his shield hee had figured the waves of the sea, Yeaус sitting on them in the height of all her pride. Thus marched Melicerus forward with old Democles, the supposed Shepheard, till they came to the Castle where Pheidippus and his faire Samela were resident. As soone as they came there, Melicerus begirt the Castle with such a siege, as so many sheepeish Caualiers could furnish: which when hee had done, summoned them in the Castle to parley: the young Knight stopt upon the walls, and seeing such a crewe of base companions, with hicketts and rusticke bils on their backs, fell into a great laughter, and began to taunt them thus: Why, what strange Metamorphosis is this? Are the plaines of Arcadic, whilome filled with labourers, now ouer-laid with Launces? Are shepheards transformed into men, swaines into souldiers, and a wandring compaine of poore shepheards, into a wrostie troupe of resolute Champions: No doubt, either Pat meanes to play the God of warre, or else these be but such men as use of the teeth of Cadmus. Now, I see the beginnynge of your warres, and the pretended end of your stratagems: the shepheards having a madding humor like the Greckes to sake for the recoverie of Helena, so you for the regaining of your faire Samela. Here thinke is a shepheardeesse, a Prioress to defend her with resistance of a ten yeres siege: yet, for I were loth to haue any castle saught like Troy, I pray you tell me, which is Agamemnon? Menelius hearing the youth speaking thus proudly, hauing the sparks of honor fresh under the cinders of pouertie, incited with loue and valour, (two things to animate the most dastard Thersites to enter combat against Hercules) answe red thus: Unknowne youngster of Thessalie, if the feare of thy hardy deeds, were like the diapason of thy threats, wee would thinke the Castle of longer siege, then either our a-

Greene's Arcadia.

ges would permit; or our valour aduentures: but where the
shelpe is most challdge, there the water breakes most high:
emptie vessels haue the highestt sounds, hollow roches the
lowdell echoes, & prattling Glazies for the smalllest perfor-
mance of courage: soe proue whereat, living thou hast made
a raps of faire Samela, one of her bawdes the sheperdes is come
for the safetie of her shepheardesse, to challenge th' to singl
combat: if thou overcome me, thou shalt freely passe with
the sheperdesse to Thessalie: if I vanquish thee, thou shalt
feele the burden of thy rashnesse, and Samela the sweetnesse
of her libertie. Pleusidippus maruelled at the resolution of
the sheperdesse: but when Democles heard how he wonne,
he shold be transported into Thessalie, & world of sorrows
tumbled in his discontented braine; that hee hammered in
his head by many meanes to llyve the faire Samela: soe when
Pleusidippus in a great choler was ready to thrwe downe
his gauntlet, and to accept of the combat, Democles slept by,
and spake thus: Worthy spirtuous of resolute magnani-
mity, whose thoughts are aboue your fortunes, and whose
valour more than your renowne weare, know that Witches that
poppis in halle, bring forth blind Whelpes, that ther is no
herbe sooner spryng by than the Spaccarmia, nor sooner fai-
dereth: the fruits to sone ripe are quickly rotten, that deedes
done in halle are repented at leisure. Then braue man in so
weightie a cause, and for the conquest of so excellent a Bara-
gon, let not one minute begin and end the quarell, but like
Fabius of Rome his delay in such dangerous exploits, when
honor stys on wreaths of Laurell to gine ² Wies on his Gar-
land: defer it some thise daies, & then in soleinne manner end
the combat. To this good motion, not only Pleusidippus, and
Melicertus agreed, but all his company were consenting, and
upon pledges of truce ginen, they restid. But Democles see-
ing in couert hee could not conquer, and that in despairing
loues secrecie was no salve, he dispatcht letters to the Ro-
babilitie of his Court, with strait charge that they shold bee
in that place within thre daies with 10000 strong. This
newes came no sone to the Generall of his forces, but le-
uyng

Greenes Arcadia.

aving so many approued Souldiers, bee marched secretly by night to the place Democles in his Letters had preserued, and there ioyfully entertained by the King, they were placed in ambush, ready when the signall shold bee giuen to issue out of the place, & performe their Moneraignes command. Well, the thrid day being come, no sooner did Titan arise from the watry couch of his Lemman, but these two Champions were ready in the lists, accompanied with the rout of all the Arcadian Shepheards, and old Democles whom they had appointed for one of the Judges. Pleuridippus seeing Melicerus aduance on his chiole the waues of the sea, with a Venus sitting upon them, maruelled what the shepheard shold be that gaue this Armes, and Melicerus was as much amazed to see a strange Thessalian Knight vaunt his Armes without difference; yet being so fraught with dircful revenge, as they scorne to salute each other so much as with threats, they fell toughly to blowes. Samela standing on top of a Turret, and viewing the combat, the poore Lady groning, that for her cause such a stratageme shold arise in Arcadic, her countenance full of sorrow, & flonds of teares falling from her eyes, shew began to breathe out her passion. Whoso maketh Samela, borne to mishaps, & forespained to sinister fortunes, whose blomes were ripened to mischace, and whose fruit is like to wither with despaire, in thy youth late discontent prynning her selfe in thy facebead, now in thy age sorroin hides her selfe amongst the wrinckles of thy face; thus art thou infelicitate in the prime, and crostred with contrary accidents in thy autumnne, as haplessie as Helena, to haue the burden of warres laid on the wings of thy beauty. And who must be the Champion? whose sword must pierce the Helmet of thine enemie? Whose blood must purchase the freedom of Samela, but Melicerus? if he conquer, then Samela triumphs, as if shee had bene chiefe Victor in the Olympiades: if hee lose every droppe falling from his wounds into the centre of his thoughts, as his death to him, so shall it be to me, the end of my loves, my life, and my liberty. As stil she was about to goe forward in her passion,

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the trumpet sounded, and they fell to fight in such furious sorte, as the Arcadians and Democles himselfe wondred to see the courage of the Shepheards, that he tyed the Knight to such a foze taske. Pleusidippus likewise seeing an extraordinary kind of force, & seeing with what courage the Knight of the Shepheards fought, began to conjecture diversly of the warre, and to feare the event of the combat. On the contrary part, Melicertus hale weared with the heauie blowes of Pleusidippus, stood in a maze how so yong a Iang should be so expert in his weapon.

Thus debating diversly in their severall thoughts, at length being both weary, they steyf backe, and leaning on their swords, tooke breath, gazing each on other. At last, Pleusidippus burst into these sparches. Shepheard in life, though now a Gentleman in armes, if thy degrce be better, I glori, I am not disgraced with the combate: tell me, how darest thou so farre wrong mee, as to heare mine armes on thy shield? Princocks (quoth Melicertus) thou lyest, they be mine owne, and thou contrary to the law of Armes bearest my Crest without difference, in which quarell, seeing it concerneth my honour, I will revenge it as farre as my lones; and with that he gane such a charging blow at Pleusidippus helme, that he had almost ouer-turned him: Pleusidippus left not the blow unrequited, but doubled his force: insomuch that the hazard of the battell was doubtfull, and both of them were faine to take breath againe. Democles seeing his time, that bath of them were so weakened, gaue the watch-word, and the ambush lept out, slaughtered many of the Shepheards, put the rest to flight, tooke the two Champions prisoners, and sacking the Castle, carried them and the faire Samela to his Court: letting the Shephearde haue her liberty, but putting Melicertus and Pleusidippus into a deepe and darke dungeon.

Where leauing these passionate Lovers in this Catastrope, againe to Doron, the homely blunt Shepheard: who hauing bane long chamonred of Carmela, much god-wooring past betwixt them, and yet little spedding: at last,

Greenes Arcadia.

both of them met hard by the Promontory of Arcadia, the leading forth her sheepe, and he going to set his new yearned Lambes. As soone as they met, breaking a few quarter blowes with such country glances as they could, they gered one at another louingly. At last, Doron unansweringly began thus.

Carmela, by my troth good morrow, it is as daintie to see you abroad, as to eate a messe of swet milke in Ioly: you are proued such a house-dowre of late, or rather so good a huswife, that no man may see you vnder a couple of Capons: the Church-yard may stand long enongh ere you will come to looke on it, and the Piper may beg for every penny he gets out of your purse: but it is no matter, you are in loue with some stout Ruffler, and yet poore folkes, such as I am, must be content with pottage: and with that, turning his backe, he smilid in his sleeve, to see how kindly he had given her the bob: which Carmela seeing, she thought to be eu'en with him thus.

Indeed, Doron, you say w^{ll}, it is long since we met, and our house is a grange house with you: but we haue tied vp the great dog, and when you come, you shall haue green rushes, you are such a stranger: but it is no matter, sone hote, sone cold, he that mingles himselfe with drasse, the hogges will eate him: and shē that lapes her loue on an unkind man, shall find sorrow enough to eate her sops withall. And with that, Carmela was so fustomackt that she wept.

Doron, to shew himselfe a naturall yong man, gaue her a few kind kisses to comfort her, and sware, that shē was the woman he loued best in the world, and for proofe (quoth he) thou shalt heare what I will payse: and you (quoth she) what I will personne. And so taking hand in hand, they kindly late them downe, and began to discourse their loues in these Eglegues.

Dorons Eglogues ioyned with Carmelae.

Sit downe, Carmela, heere are cubs for Kings,
Slowes blacke as Ict, or like my Christmas shoes:

Sweete

Greenes Arcadia.

Sweet Sidar, which my leatherne bottle brings :
Sit downe, Carmela, let me kisse thy toes.

Carmela.

Ah, Doron, ah my hart, thou art as white
As is my mothers Calfe, or brinded Cow :
Thine eyes are like the slow-wormes in the night,
Thine haire ressemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deepe and cleere,
Like to the furrowes of my fathers waine :
Thy sweat vpon thy face doth oft appeare,
Like to my mothers fat and kitchin gaine.

Ah, leue my toe, and kisse my lips, my loue,
My lips are thine, for I haue given them thee :
Within thy cap tis thou shalt weare my glove,
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

Doron.

Carmela deare, euene as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes,
When cherries iuyce is iumbled therewithall ;
Thy breath is like the fume of apple-pyes.

Thy lips ressemble two Cowcumberes faire,
Thy teeth like to the tusks offattet swine,
Thy speech is like the thunder in the ayre :
Would God thy toes, thy lips and all were mine.

Carmela.

Doron, What thing doth moue this wishing griefe ?

Doron.

This Loue, Carmela, ah, tis cruell Loue :
That like a slau, and cayeue villaine theefe,
Hath cut my throat of ioy for my behoue.

Carmela.

Where was he borne ?

Doron.

In faith I know not where :
But I haue heard much talking of his dart :
Aye me poore man, with many a trickling teare,
I feele him wound the sorcheare of my hart.

Greene's Arcadia.

What, doe I loue? O no, I doe but talke.
What, shall I die for loue? O no, not so:
What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walke.
Come kisse Carmela, and confound my wee.

Carmela.

Euen with this kisse, as once my father did,
I seal the sweete endentes of delight.
Before I breake my vow, the gods forbid,
No not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

Doron.

Euen with this garland made of Holly-hocks,
I crosse thy browes from every shepheards kiss.
Heigh ho, how glad am I to touch thy locks,
My frolick heart euen now a free man is.

Carmela.

I thank you Doron, and will thinke on you:
I loue you Doron, and will winke on you:
I seal your chapter parent with my thumb,
Come kisse and part, for feare my mother comes.

Thus ended this merrit Eglogue betwixt Doron and
Carmela: which (Gentlemen) if it be writ with positiue spi-
milies, and farrre fetcht Metaphors, thinke therwoare count-
try Louers knew no further comparasons then come twixt
in compasse of their country Englishe. Well, twas a good
woold, when such simplicitie was used, sayes the old wise-
men of our time, when a ring of a rush would tie as much
loue together as a glummet of gold: but gentilmen, since
we haue talkt of loue so long, you shall gine me leasure to
shew my opinion of that foolish fancie, there.

Sonetto.

What thing is loue? It is a power diuine,
That reigne vs, or else a weakfull law,
That doomes our mindes to beaute to incine.
It is a starre, whose influence doth draw

Our

Groves Arcadia.

Our hearts so loude dillibring of his might,
Till he be master of our hearts and fight.
Love is a discord, and a strange diuince
Betwix our sense and reason, by whose power
As mad with reason we adde that force,
Which wit or labour never may deuoure.

It is a will that brooketh no consern the ill of mankinde,
It would refuse, yet ev'ry man may reape that ill he durst not
Love's mad fire, which for to walke thine, and all the world
Dost lose an age of yeeres, and so doth passesse all thine age,
As doth the shadow leaved from his psinne,
Seeming as though it were, yea neuer wist

Leauing behinde nought but reperme thoughts.

Of dayes ill spent, for that which pasheth roughes,
It shew a peace, and then a sudden warre,
A hope confondued before it is concei'd,
At hand it feares, and meane certes fayre,
And he that games, is most of all decei'd.

It is a secret hidde[n] and not knowne by me and somes
Whiche one may better feele then I vnde[r]stonde and graue
Thus Gentlemen haue your heare to my verdit in this So-
laco[n] now will I returne to Dorenus Camclaw who nat
feeling her mochte come, sette aganist her a holt hymselfe,
and thus it was.

After they had thus amorously entred their Eglogues,
they plighted vntyng thos troth, and Camclaw brytly swynging
her mouth with a white apell sealed it with a kiss,
which Dorenus with misfolours blynt blynt a little play-
ing lyth to report, they about went about their busynesse.
Leauing them therfore to their busynesse, signe to Dorenus
who seeing no entrednes made certe to perfynche Se-
mels to loue, whether the booke of the Academis veraloue, nor
the title of a Student, lylly almyghty fayre s[e]s thens,
nor all in battie? for Semel, first created by nature, in
that he was her father, and secondly by loue, in that Meli-
cerus lay imp[er]soned only for her sake, shal still indeuite

Greene's Arcadia.

to her tackling, that Democles changing love into hate, resolved to revenge that with death, which no means else might satisfie: so that to colour his frauds withall, hee gaue Samela free libertie to visite Melicerus: which she had not long done, but that by the instigation of the old King, the Gaior, cōfederate to his treachery, accuseth her of adultery: wherupon without further witnessse they both were condemned to die. These two louers knowing theselues guiltlesse in this scrimed faction, were ioyfull to end their louers with their liues, and so to conclude all in a fatall & final contēt of minds & fashions. But Democles set free Pleusidippus, as afraid lest the King of Thessalie would revenge the wrong of his knight, entertaining him with such sumptuous banquets, as besitteth so brave and worthy a Gentleman. The day prefixed came, wherein these parties shold die: Samela was so desirous to end her life with her friend, that wee would not reveale either unto Democles or Melicerus what she was: and Melicerus rather chose to die with his Samela, then once to name himselfe Maximius.

Both thus resplued, were brought to the place of execution: and Pleusidippus sitting on a scaffold with Democles, seeing Samela come forth like the bush in the morning, felt an unioouth passion in his minde, and nature began to enter combat with his thoughts: not loue, but reverence, not fācy, but feare began to assaile him, that he turned to the king, & said: Is it not pitty, Democles, such diuine beauty should be wapt in cinders? So quoth Democles, where the anger of a King must bee satisfied. At this, answere Pleusidippus wapt his face in his cloake and wept, and all the assitants prēued to helpe faire a creature subject to the violent rage of Fortune. Well, Democles commandēd the deathes man to doe his deuoyre, who kneeeling downe and craveng pardon, ready to givē Melicerus the fatall stroake, there kept out an old woman attired like a Propheteisse, who cryed out, Willaine, hold thy hand, thou wrongest the Daughter of a King. Democles hearing the outcry, & seeing that at that word the people began to mutinie and murmure, demandēd

Greenes Arcadia.

ved of the olde woman what shes meant. Now, quath Democles, is the Delphian Oracle performed. Neptuan hath yeldeid by the world's wonder, and that is yong Pleusidippus nephew to thee, and sonne to faire Sephestia, who here standeth under the name of Samela, cast vpon the Promontory of Arcadia with her yong sonne; where she as a Sheperdelle hath liden in shewe temporan with lones: her Son playing on the shore, was conueighed by certaine Pirates into Theissaly, where (when as hee was supposid every way to be dead, doing deeds of chivalry, hee fulfilled the prophecie: your highnesse giving the Lion, was guide unto the Lambs, in dissembling your selfe a Sheperdles planets resting vpon the hils, was that picture of Menabouþ on their crests: and the seas that had neither ebbe nor tide, was the combat twixt the father and the Son, that gane the waues of the Seas in their shields, not able to hanquish one another, but parting with equall victory. For know (Democles) this Melicerius is Maximius, twice betrothed to Sephestia, and father to yong Pleusidippus: now therefore the Oracle fulfilled, is the happy time wherein Arcadia shall rest in peace. At this, the people gaue a great shout, and the olde woman banisht. Democles as a man rauisht with an exaste of sodaine ioy, sat still, and stared on the face of Sephestia. Pleusidippus in all dutie leapt from his seat, and went and couered his mother with his robe, craping pardon for the sondenesse of his incestuous affection: and knelling at his father's feete submisse, in that he had drawne his sword, and sought his life that sick in the wold gaue him life. Maximius sick lookt on his wife, and seing by the lineaments of her face, that it was Sephestia, fell about her necke, and both of them weeping in the bosome of her Sonne, shed teares for ioy to see him so brave a Gentleman. Democles all this while sitting in a trance, at last calling his senses together, seing his daughter reviued, whom so cruelly for the loue of Maximius hee had banished out of his confines, Maximius in safetie, and the childe a matchlesse Paragon of approued chivaltrie, he lept from his seat, and imbraced them all with teares;

tears, cravving pardon of Maximus and Sophestia: and to
shew that the outward blitke of his wretched eyes had a
mishap with the inward passion of his heart, hee impai-
led the head of his young Stephen Pleufidippus with the
Crotone and Diadem of Arcadia: soe that his brother La-
medon had in all distresse not left his daughter Sophestia, he
ooke the matter soe knwoy, that he reconciled himselfe unto
him, and made him Ryal in Arcadia. The successe of this
soe-rehearsed Catastrophe goeth thus Comically, they all
concluded after the solemnizing of the Coronation
(which was made famous with the excellent deeds of many
wooyh Cavaliers,) to passe into Thebes, to contract the
marriage betwixt Pleufidippus, and the daughter of the
Thessalian King. Whiche newes spred through Arcadia as a
mouer, that at last it came to Menaphous kinge: who here-
ring the high parentage of his supposed Samae, (using his
passions were to aspyng) & that with the Syrian Wolves
he battayled against the More, he left such Lettice as were to
fine for his tips, and courted his olde loue Pesana, to whom
shortly after he was marrie, And left there shold bee
left any thing imperfect in this passyonall accident,

Doron shrowged himselfe up, and hume, as one of
yonge and unexperynced, yett hee
had a mariage with his
old friend Car-
mel, and
had a coochial alij in galleys a summe tyme before hee had
gill the Inglis chane, occull did shrownd alij in galleys, when
hee shrownd the same: M. alij did may pleasur gill in galleys
alij, and had a coochial alij in galleys, alij
-gill mighte gill chane, when hee had a summe tyme
alij shrownd alij in galleys, alij, alij to shrownd alij in galleys
gill alij alij had a coochial chane, alij, alij
-gill in galleys, and had a coochial chane, alij, alij
-gill mighte gill chane, when hee had a summe tyme
alij shrownd alij in galleys, alij, alij to shrownd alij in galleys
alij, alij to shrownd alij in galleys, alij, alij
-gill in galleys, and had a coochial chane, alij, alij

FINIS.